The Outlook

JANUARY 3, 1917

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE STORY OF THE WAR: GERMANY REPLIES TO PRESIDENT WILSON

President Wilson's notes to the belligerent Powers met with a prompt response from one of the Powers, namely, Germany. The reply made jointly by Germany and her allies in substance repeats the proposal in their note of December 12 to their enemy nations, but a little more explicitly, for it proposes "an immediate meeting of delegates of the belligerent states at a neutral place." As to the prevention of future wars, Germany declares that this "great work can be begun only after the end of the present struggle of the nations." No reference is made to President Wilson's advice that the warring nations state their peace terms.

The stress laid in this reply to President Wilson on the word "immediate" (which occurs twice in the short note), together with the surprising promptness of the reply, as compared with ordinary diplomatic methods, has led some commentators to infer that Germany's situation, and especially her economic and food situation, is more pressing even than has been supposed. No comment that has been made, however, regards it as at all probable that the Allies in their formal reply to Germany will agree to any conference until Germany has set forth, not perhaps the precise terms of her view of peace, but at least the large principles which should govern them.

The utterances in the parliaments of all the Allies and by the Premiers of those countries, of which the speech of Mr. Lloyd George, already reported, is the most conspicuous example, have foreshadowed the formal reply, which will probably reach our readers before they see this report. Mr. Lloyd George's phrase, "Complete restitution, full reparation, and effectual guarantees," expresses the spirit of all the nations fighting Germany.

Switzerland has issued an appeal for peace, and it is reported that Sweden is on the eve of doing the same thing.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE EXPLANATION

It will be observed that the Swiss note just mentioned, while it sets forth the urgent desirability of peace for the peoples of all countries, carefully abstains from anything like President Wilson's much and justly criticised phrases which put the Allies on a par with the Central Powers by saying that the general terms suggested "seem the same on both sides," and that "each side desires to make the rights and privileges of small nations . . . secure," and which warn the nations at war "lest the situation of neutral nations, now exceedingly hard to endure, be rendered altogether intolerable."

The opinion prevails pretty widely that this last phrase in particular was intended not so much to influence countries abroad as to impress the people of the United States with a feeling that the Administration, however unsatisfactory its dealings may have been in the past with war questions, has now assumed an attitude of firmness. The remarkable utterances of our Secretary of State, Mr. Robert Lansing, may in that case have been intended to emphasize this intention. Perhaps in the fear that the phrase had not received the notice desired, Mr. Lansing said:

> It isn't our material interest we had in mind when the note was sent, but more and more our own rights are becoming involved by the belligerents on both sides, so that the situation is becoming increasingly critical.
>
> I mean by that that we are drawing nearer the verge of war ourselves, and therefore we are entitled to know exactly what each belligerent seeks in order that we may regulate our conduct in the future.

But within a few hours, and after a visit by the Secretary of State to the White House, Mr. Lansing issued an explanation of his explanation, in which he said that he had not intended "to intimate that the Government was considering any change in its policy of neutrality," and that he regretted that his words were open to any other construction, as he now realized that they were. It was at one time intimated that a second explanatory note had been sent to the nations abroad as regards Mr. Wilson's original note; this, however, has not been confirmed. No formal reply to President Wilson's "peace note" has been received, as we write, from any of the Allies. The tone of the German press has been laudatory of the note; the tone of the press in the other countries of the Allies has varied from mild deprecation to angry criticism. Elsewhere in this issue some quotations from the press on this subject are printed.

ON THE WAR FRONTS

The week has presented little of interest or importance in the military field.

The most notable action has been that of the army under General von Mackensen by which the Russian and Rumanian forces in the northern part of the Dobrudja have been pushed back to the Danube, which here bounds the Dobrudja peninsula both on the north and on the west. It seems probable that these Russians and Rumanians will be obliged to cross the Danube by pontoons, and withdraw their line back to correspond with that which they now hold northwest of the Dobrudja.

It is announced from Paris that General Joffre is to be made a Marshal of France. He will be the first to receive that title since the days of Napoleon III.

THE BOGIE MAN OF MEXICO

Villa continues to be Mexico's bogie man. Definite and credible reports of his moves are few and far between, but they are frequent enough to establish the fact that he is the greatest immediate peril now threatening the Carranza Government.

The capture of Torreon by Villa, if true, as reported, is perhaps even more important than his recent capture of Chihuahua. Torreon, a city of about thirty thousand, although slightly smaller than Chihuahua, has greater strategic importance by virtue of the fact that it is an industrial center, and the most important railway focus in the north, with the exception of Monterey. Torreon commands the important "laguna district," one of the most fertile regions of northern Mexico, where a great amount of cotton is grown.

That Villa's name is rapidly regaining its former terror is indicated by the wild reports of his movements coming from Carranza sources as we go to press. Simultaneously he is reported as threatening Chihuahua, Monterey, Saltillo, and Tampico, while a not very credible report has it that San Luis Potosi has fallen into the clutches of the desert fighter.

It is not unlikely that Villa's objective is Tampico, as the acquirement of a seaport would make his future campaign easier. It is noteworthy that as his successes have multiplied the reports of his atrocities against Americans have decreased. Can it be that he is again dreaming a favorite dream of Mexican warriors and politicians—the dream of American recognition?

The termination of the time limit for Carranza's reply to the proposals submitted by the American-Mexican Commission with no word from the First Chief might indicate that he believed the patience of the United States to be inexhaustible. But on

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December 27 it was said that a reply had been received by the Commission. Of course the extension of the time limit two or three days may seem to hurt no one, but when this is done more than once the effect is damaging on the morale of Mexican-American relations. And this is hardly the sort of "kindly firmness" which Carranza has asked for in our dealings with him.

CITY ACTIVITIES PICTURED FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE MOVIES

Park Commissioner Raymond V. Ingersoll, of the Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, in order to familiarize the people of that borough with their own parks and playgrounds, has been showing in the movies the varied forms of recreation work that he and his assistants are carrying on. These films were put on the screen in a large theater as a part of its regular programme, and they elicited fully as much applause as Miss Mary Pickford or Mr. Charles Chaplin or other movie favorites in their respective specialties. To most of the audience the varied activities of a great city's park department were a revelation. The films showed, among other things, the work of beautifying a city by the planting of trees—on one street alone in Brooklyn seven hundred trees have recently been planted; the saving of trees by "surgical operations" and by spraying; the construction of a "Japanese garden" in one of the parks; the work of the greenhouses; the development of small parks in congested districts—a most valuable feature of park work; playgrounds, baseball fields, tennis courts, farm gardens, wading pools, and other recent forms of city recreation work coming under the jurisdiction of a park commissioner who realizes the opportunities that are open to him.

The parks of a city have in the past too often been regarded merely as the pleasure grounds of the well-to-do who could afford to use their drives; or they have been located at too great a distance from the overcrowded districts. Commissioner Ingersoll's movies showed new small parks in the heart of crowded industrial sections, bringing light and fresh air and trees and flowers home to the people. Still more important were the playground features that his administration is promoting. Hundreds of children were shown having "the time of their young lives" in these healthful play-places, which are furnished with swings, seesaws, slides, and other gymnastic apparatus of a simple kind. For the hot summer days the men, women, and children who have no vacations are provided with outdoor swimming pools, and with a municipal bath-house at Coney Island. One of these pools was used by three thousand persons in a single day, at a charge of only five cents each for a suit, soap, and towel, and the pictures showed how joyous is the influence of this opportunity for cleanliness.

Children who like to see things grow—and are there any others?—have plots assigned them in "city farms" by Brooklyn's Park Department. An illustration on another page shows a grateful young city farmer presenting a part of the produce of his plot to Commissioner Ingersoll.

It may be instructive here to quote some of the figures placarded in these movies—for the films give an opportunity for enforcing the lessons of the pictures by helpful statistics. Brooklyn has a population of nearly two millions. It has forty parks, nine playgrounds, and fifteen parkways. The Park Department cares for 80,000 trees and helps individual owners to plant and care for their own trees; it keeps in good condition 36 miles of roadway, 56 miles of walks, 26 miles of fences, and 70 buildings, including 46 comfort stations. And it is doing all this in a most economical way under Commissioner Ingersoll—too economical, it would seem, for while in 1913 the budget appropriation for Brooklyn was $922,974, in 1917 it is only $705,990. Work of this sort done by the Department—civilizing, health-promoting, and brain-resting, such as is sorely needed amid the strain and worry of congested city life—should be encouraged by at least as liberal appropriations as the merely corrective departments of city administration. The head of a great park system needs and ought to have an ample staff of efficient and well-paid assistants, for such an investment will return to a city large dividends in human betterment.

Commissioner Ingersoll's method of bringing the beneficent activities of a park department to the attention of the public is novel, commendable, and deserving of wide imitation both by other cities and by other municipal departments.

THE ZULOAGA EXHIBITION

Americans in many sections of the country will have an opportunity this season of seeing one of the most important exhibitions of pictures by any European master ever held in the United States. These are a collection of the paintings of Ignacio Zuloaga, the famous Spanish artist. About forty of them are shown, several of which have never before been exhibited. At this writing they are on exhibition in the Brooklyn Museum, whence they came from the Copley Society Galleries of Boston. Later they are to be shown in New York City at the Duveen Galleries, in the Albright Gallery at Buffalo, the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, the Cleveland Museum of Art, the Art Institute at Chicago, the City Art Museum of St. Louis, and the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. Two paintings from this collection are reproduced on another page.

The status of Zuloaga in modern art is indicated in this extract from an admirable essay on the artist by Christian Brinton: "These canvases are instinct with passion and fatalism. They are primitive, sinister, and full of tragic implication, and as such unflinchingly reflect certain fundamental national characteristics. With its innate structural strength, its superb graphic energy, and confident grasp of what may be termed the technique of the whole, the art of Zuloaga is perfectly adapted to the task at hand. It depicts with convincing eloquence that Spain, at once Gothic, romantic, picaresque, and legitimately modern, to which it is dedicated. In its affiliation with the master tendencies of contemporary thought and feeling it has transcended Fortuny, Vierge, and the agreeable devotees of the rococo. It reflects something of the reasoned verity of Manet, the vital intensity of Daumier. . . . He makes all things conform to his own sovereign creative consciousness."

The impression produced on most of those who see these pictures—and they attract crowds wherever they have been shown—is that of an artist of genuine force, originality, and power of expression, a man who will by later ages be acclaimed as "an old master," a painter who paints because of an overpowering passion for expression—it will be remembered that Zuloaga never set foot inside an art school or academy, but painted from the first with vigor and decision.

Whatever may be the differences of opinion as to Zuloaga's technique, his choice of subject, or his limitations as to atmospheric effect, etc., there can be no question as to his rank as an artist of a very high order, or as to the importance to art-loving Americans of the present exhibition of his works. We may here repeat what we said in reproducing a painting by Zuloaga in The Outlook of November 10, 1915: "In his fullness of activity Zuloaga may be called in many respects a worthy successor to Velasquez and Murillo in the interpretation of Spain." And Velasquez, it may be recalled, is regarded by many critics as the supreme master of his art.

THE KING OF MAKE-BELIEVE

The make-believe of a child is fascinating, not because it is unreal, but because it is the realest thing in the world. The prince and palace of a child's fancy are very much more substantial than any stout broker and his Fifth Avenue mansion. The child owns its palace as only the intangible can be owned. For the deeds to fairyland need no safe-deposit vaults for their protection, nor can they be attached by the writ of any human court.

It is Sir James Barrie's chief claim to distinction that he possesses one of the few enduring keys to the world of make-believe—the land from which almost all other grown-ups are excluded by a decree more drastic than any imperial mandate. Not only does he possess a key, but he has the happy thought whenever he enters the land of make-believe to leave the gate ajar, so that the rest of us, by standing on tiptoe and craning our necks, can catch glimpses of all that happens within the forbidden walls.

He has not often left the gate wider open than he has done in

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

PEACE HINT

There may be such a thing as flourishing the olive branch too threateningly.

From the Dallas (Texas) News

AND AGAIN HE SENT FORTH THE DOVE

Weed in the Philadelphia Public Ledger

A PERILOUS PERCH

Satterfield in the Knoxville (Tenn.) Sentinel

THE LION OF THE HOUR

Hatfield in the Passing Show (London)

FORCE OF HABIT

Mary: "Please, mum, cook says will you excuse the liberty she's taken with the pudding and the blancmange, but she says she can't forget the training she had in the munition factory!"

From the Bystander (London)

NOTHING IN IT

Doctor: "Have you had any nourishment to-day, my lad?"
Tommy: "Yus, sir, nurse give me a bit of glass to suck this morning."

Kirby in the New York World

BRINGING IN THE YULE LOG

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writing his new play, "A Kiss for Cinderella." This play is the story of a little London slavey who shares with Sir James in the ownership of his key to the land of make-believe. In all the drudgery of work in war-time London this little slavey never loses the will and the power to escape to a place where Zeppelin bombs have even less chance to crush the spirit than they have in the streets of England's capital. But at last there comes a time when her spirit becomes too strong for her starved and fevered body, and Cinderella, for so she has chosen to call herself, passes into the world of make-believe, where the fairy prince for whom she has longed puts a crown on her head and a glass slipper on her foot, after the fashion of all Cinderellas' princes since time and imagination began.

Cinderella's ball is a glorious Cockney paradise where a gilded hokey-pokey wagon supplies the refreshment and the king and queen ensconce themselves in gilded rockers of a type which only Barrie's brain could have dreamed.

When the clock strikes twelve, Miss Maude Adams—we mean Cinderella, for naturally they are one and the same person—finds herself in a hospital. What happens there and how the fairy prince of her fevered dream turns into a real prince with blue coat and night-stick only Barrie himself can properly tell.

Whoever is fortunate enough to become acquainted with Barrie's Cinderella will be reconvinced that the "Sir" which has had the temerity to attach itself to his name is a peculiarly unsatisfactory title for a man who is a king in his own right—the King of Make-Believe.

JAMES MONROE TAYLOR

That was a notable audience which gathered at Vassar College chapel on the 21st of December at the funeral services of the Rev. Dr. James Monroe Taylor, the ex-President of the College. His twenty-seven years of administration, brought to an end by his resignation in 1913, is characteristic of a country the educational progress of which furnishes one of the best testimonies to the value of the democratic spirit.

When he was called to the presidency, Vassar College was largely a preparatory school. This preparatory school had been necessary when the College was incorporated in 1861, because at that time the idea of a college for women was so far novel that America furnished no schools adequate to give the preparation necessary to maintain a college standard for examination. One of Dr. Taylor's first acts showed the courage of the man. He succeeded, not without some opposition, in inducing the trustees to abolish the preparatory department, and with it to abolish a very considerable proportion of the income on which the College depended. The result justified his courage.

At the time of his death Vassar College was in its general equipment and efficiency in the first rank of American colleges, though, of course, its scope, field, and endowment were much less than that of certain American universities. The scheme of university, however, was in Dr. Taylor's mind, and in one of his last reports he put before the trustees his ideal, which involved building a second college upon grounds belonging to the institution and affiliating the two under one administration in a manner not identical with, but in some respects analogous to, the method of the English universities.

The growth in material equipment during his presidency was equaled by the growth in intellectual and spiritual power. It was his faith that a thousand students were as many as one collegiate institution could take care of, and for several years under his leadership the number of pupils was limited to a thousand, with, as a result, always a considerable waiting list of applicants. The democratic spirit with which he had pervaded the institution is indicated by the fact that the College students, under his inspiration, established a social club for the servants, which became for them an intellectual center, with a library, reading-room, and classes carried on by the undergraduate students themselves. The library building, erected during his presidency, is one of the most beautiful and commodious in the country, and one, we believe, of the earlier college libraries to depart from the old library traditions. The great mass of books is open to the students, who can roam in the alcoves and gather from the shelves whatever books they wish to use. The advantage of thus becoming acquainted with books, not merely with specific facts to be found in single books, was one which the older librarians in our colleges failed to recognize. Dr. Taylor's ideal of women's education is well expressed by a sentence attributed to him, substantially as follows: "I wish the graduates of Vassar College to be so educated that no one meeting them socially will know that they are college graduates, and no one will be surprised to learn the fact if they do learn it."

Dr. Taylor was a man of deep and strong feelings, but they were always kept under his control, and he combined a prophetic idealism with a practical common sense to a remarkable degree. He had almost a passion for keeping himself and his College out of the limelight. The lives of its pupils were the only advertisement he desired.

On the occasion of the funeral service special friends, the Board of Trustees, members of the Faculty, public educators, and the students of the College filled the chapel. The spirit of the meeting was one of thanksgiving for Dr. Taylor and for the service which he had rendered.

THE TREE OF LIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY

For the fifth time the Tree of Light in Madison Square, New York City, has sent out its message of good will.

The Tree was lighted for the first time on Christmas Eve, by the touch of a little blind girl from the Lighthouse for the Blind. Eagerly she reached out her hands to feel its sturdy trunk, asking how far it was up to the star which she was to light when the trumpeters signaled; and how many lights would gleam suddenly out on its branches when she touched the button.

But the most impressive event came on the night after Christmas, when the people and chorus assembled at the Tree, and sang several carols—the best carol-singing the "Tree of Light" has ever heard. Then the leader invited every one to fall in line and march across the street to Madison Square Garden, where the "Messiah" would be sung, free to all. Through lanes kept clear by hundreds of boy scouts, including a squad of blind boys, the chorus marched away singing, "O Come, All Ye Faithful." With amazing orderliness the great crowd followed into the hall, with no tickets of admission, no reserved seats, no privileged person, a thoroughly democratic crowd, with a high percentage of men—silk hats and caps, shawls and fur coats, grandmothers and little children—hundreds and hundreds of the common people to hear in song the story of the Messiah: in all some fifteen thousand of them, not to mention the two thousand more who waited in long lines outside hoping for admission.

The community chorus numbered a thousand voices, with an orchestra of ninety men, and good accompanying it was, even without a rehearsal. For Mr. Harry Barnhart, of Rochester, its leader, has the personality which makes his conducting full of spirit. Without being told, the audience rose for the Hallelujah Chorus, that splendid climax of Handel's difficult oratorio; and heartily they joined in the three Christmas songs substituted for the traditional symphony marking the intermission. Three months ago, most of the community chorus could not read a note of music. Yet their singing was notable for being absolutely true to key, for the absence of slurring and dragging, for swelling out in great bursts of sound that carried the audience with them. And all this without soloists to vary the monotony of what is really a long oratorio.

The community chorus and the community tree are now inseparably linked together.

THE DANISH ISLANDS

On December 20 and 21 the Danish Rigsdag passed one of the most notable pieces of legislation in its history of two and a half centuries. On December 20 the Folkething, the lower house of this Parliament, by a vote of 90 to 16, adopted the bill ratifying the treaty for the sale of the three islands composing the Danish West Indies to the United States. The following day the Landsthing, the upper house, by a vote of 40 to 19, confirmed the action of the lower house. Thus the political crisis in Denmark on this subject, which has lasted since early August, is ended.

The final vote was assured by statements from Danish Cabinet Ministers, who showed, first, that no Danish Cabinet

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had ever been unwilling to effect the sale, and, second, as regards the islanders' immediate needs, stated that compensation to the hurricane sufferers would be made, and also to those inhabitants who might suffer any loss from the sale. The purchase price is $25,000,000, more than three times as much as we offered in 1867 for only two of the islands, and five times the price offered in 1902 for all. The somewhat privileged upper house, in which Danish landowners are predominant, opposed the later transfer, its action being due, so it has been supposed, to German influence. Germany has long coveted the islands, both because of their strategic importance and also because she has no coaling station in the Western Hemisphere.

Our acquisition of the islands will be of increasing strategic importance in relation not only to the other West Indian islands in which we have either a proprietary or merely a commercial interest, but also in relation to our interests on the mainland as well. While, from a commercial standpoint, the price to be paid is excessive, as the islands have already ceased to be a source of much profit to Denmark, it is not excessive from a standpoint of military advantage.

The Danish Parliament's approval opens the way to a prompt exchange of ratifications between the two Governments, after which our Administration is expected to introduce a bill in Congress appropriating the purchase price and providing for the institution of an American territorial government.

Thus, negotiations intermittently in progress ever since 1861, when we first tried to buy the islands, seem to have come to an appropriate end.

THE GOVERNMENT SHIPPING BOARD

President Wilson has now named the members of the Government Shipping Board. Why a Government Shipping Board? Because, by the Ship Purchase Bill recently passed by Congress, a Board is to be established to supervise freight rates in American waters, and also to organize a $50,000,000 corporation to build or buy merchant ships. Forty-nine per cent of the stock is to be available for public subscription; any not subscribed is to be taken by the Government. The ships built or bought may be leased by private interests, but, should private concerns fail to take them, they are to be operated by the Government. In time of war they may also be used as naval auxiliaries.

There are five members of the Board. They are nominated for terms of two, three, four, five, and six years. Three of the members of the Board are Democrats and get the long terms.

Mr. William Denman, who has the term of six years, is a California lawyer with experience in Admiralty cases. He was Chairman of the Investigating Committee at the time of the municipal corruption exposures in San Francisco in 1908.

Mr. Bernard N. Baker, of Baltimore, the well-known shipping expert and for thirty years President of the Atlantic Transport Line, comes next in term of service.

Mr. John A. Donald, of New York City, who has also had a lifelong experience in the steamship business, especially in the West Indian fruit trade, follows in order.

Mr. John Barber White, a Kansas City Republican, has the three-year term. He is an expert on export business and is president of several large lumber companies.

Mr. Theodore Brent, of New Orleans, a Republican, is a railway man, having occupied important positions in connection with the Rock Island and the St. Louis and San Francisco lines.

It will be interesting to see what this Board does.

AMERICANS IN MONASTIR

The news that the Serbs were back in Monastir was of special interest to the American Board (Congregational), for it has maintained religious and educational work there for forty-four years.

Monastir has a population of about fifty thousand. Two-fifths are Moslems. It has several mosques, churches, and educational institutions, both Christian and Moslem.

Before the first Balkan War (1912) Monastir was the fourth city of Turkey-in-Europe and had a large Turkish garrison. Within the past four years the ownership of Monastir has changed from Turkish to Serb, to Bulgar, and now again to Serb. In all previous cases, as doubtless in the latest, our American work has gone steadily on. Our schools have not been closed. The American Board's workers have continued to care for the wounded or the sick of any nationality; they have gone in and out among people of all classes, and the homes of Americans have been centers of friendliness and helpfulness.

Thus something else goes on in a war zone besides war. We might think that war is the only thing that occupies the Monastir population, just as we might have thought football the only thing that occupied the undergraduate mind this autumn. Probably the first statement would be as untrue as the second.

THE PRESIDENT'S UNASKED ADVICE

THE President's note to the Powers, reported in last week's Outlook, has been variously received both at home and abroad. By some it is warmly commended; by others as warmly condemned. This is partly because different partisans give to it differing interpretations. But it is partly because it calls for both commendation and condemnation. It was an opportune message inopportunely sent; a rational request irrationally presented.

The German note was sent to the United States with the request that the United States forward it to the Allies. It suggested peace negotiations, but it did not suggest any basis for such negotiations. The President in forwarding it to the Allies might well have accompanied it with an official expression of public opinion in the United States. He might in diplomatic phraseology have called the attention of the Allies to the omission of any definite proposals; he might have said, as he subsequently did say, that the whole world is weary of this war; that the neutral nations are injuriously affected by it; and, speaking not only for the United States but for all the neutral nations, he might have expressed the hope that the Allies would do what the Germans had not done, state clearly their objects in the war and the terms and conditions upon which they would be willing to enter into peace parleys. Germany could have taken no exception to such a statement, for it would have been the simple truth. The Allies could have taken no exception, for it would have been a natural accompaniment to the message which the President had been asked to convey to them.

But he said nothing. He acted simply as a letter-carrier. He manifested no more interest in the note than a postmaster manifests in the letter which he delivers at the window, or the censor manifests in the letter which he has opened and read before forwarding it to its destination. His silence might well have been interpreted as meaning that America had no interest in the peace proposal. That interpretation was the more natural since the President has more than once declared that we have no concern with the war and no occasion to inquire into the causes which produced it.

Did the President lack the necessary courage? or the pre-vision? or was it simply a case of "second thoughts are best." We do not know. We only know that he allowed the golden opportunity to pass. And when opportunity is allowed to pass it is always difficult and often impossible to overtake it. When the President did speak, it was too late. The Allies had already spoken. On the 19th of December Lloyd George, speaking not only for England but for all the Allies, declared in very definite terms what they were fighting for and what was the irreducible minimum on which alone they were willing to enter into peace negotiations: "Complete restitution, full reparation, and effectual guarantees." After that speech unasked advice was an intrusion; it is not strange that it has been resented as an impertinence. And that resentment is the more natural, for the advice has been since accompanied by a veiled warning that the United States may yet be drawn into the war, with no intimation on which side the President thinks our interests lie.

The official reply of the Allies to the German note will probably reach our readers before this issue of The Outlook can reach them. That it may add to the three conditions of peace negotiations specified by Lloyd George is possible. That it will

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lessen those conditions we regard as impossible. Nor can we doubt that "complete restitution" means the withdrawal of German troops from all non-German territory; "complete reparation" means at least reparation to Belgium and to Serbia; and "effectual guarantees" means guarantees which will effectively secure, not only the future peace of Europe, but also the deliverance of the European peoples from the burden of militarism which for the last half-century Germany has imposed upon them.

THE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

In a recent number of London "Punch" there is a picture of a group of British soldiers in a trench at the front, and under the picture is this legend:

Tommy (ready to go "over the top"). I suppose we shall be making history in a few minutes, sergeant?

Sergeant. History be blowed! What you've got to make is geography.

What those "Tommies" were doing everybody is doing. Like the man who talked prose and did not know it, we are all of us doing our part without realizing it in making the history and geography which future generations are to study.

It is of no special credit to a man or woman to be a history-maker without knowing it. The chief difference between human beings and other creatures is that the human being is capable of reflecting upon what he and his fellows are doing and of guiding his future conduct by what he has learned in the process of reflecting upon his past conduct. What is true of the individual is equally true of any group of individuals and of the nation. If we are to be intelligent makers of history, we ought to be intelligent observers of it in the making.

More than that, we shall not really understand past history without understanding current history. One reason why to many students in the school and college history has seemed dull is that it is considered as something quite apart from the ordinary passions and beliefs and prejudices and ideals of contemporary folk. To learn why kings and presidents, why parliaments and congresses, why soldiers and clerks and business men and farmers, do to-day what they do is to open one's eyes to the fact that farmers and merchants and kings and all the other people who made Babylon and Greece, mediæval France and the German states and merry England, were moved by much the same feelings, guided by much the same beliefs, swayed by the same prejudices and ideals, that are working in the minds of men to-day.

And one who discovers this will find it impossible to read either current history or the history of the past without sharing the experiences of the makers of that history. He may keep himself from partisanship, but he cannot withhold his condemnation from that which seems to him evil, or his approval from that which seems to him good. If he really understands what he is studying, he cannot remain a merely neutral observer.

This at least is taken for granted, this is what underlies the idea, in the Outline Study of Current History which Mr. J. Madison Gathany is to conduct from week to week in The Outlook.

This Outline Study, though it is intended to be of specific use to teachers of history and teachers of English in schools and colleges, has not been prepared with a view of serving any one class of readers. It is designed to serve all readers of this journal who wish, while being makers of history, to be intelligent observers and interpreters of it. And we are particularly gratified at finding in Mr. Gathany one who not only regards history as something alive and human, but is also qualified to make current history appear alive and human to others. And since Mr. Gathany is to make these pages the basis on which his Study of Current History is to rest, we welcome the fact that he is to make opinions expressed in these pages the subject of searching questions, and is to submit those opinions to discussion and criticism. With the principles which Mr. Gathany sets forth in his article on another page we heartily agree. Indeed, it is because we knew of Mr. Gathany's methods and ideas of studying current history that we asked him to institute in our pages this Outline Study. And we believe that every reader of The Outlook who desires to make the best possible use of it will find it profitable to turn to those columns in which Mr. Gathany's Outline will appear each week.

PACIFIST, MILITARIST, OR JUSTICIST?

Once upon a time a clergyman was asked by a newspaper reporter whether he believed in a personal devil with horns and hoofs. The clergyman expressed his doubts as to the existence of such a being. "Why, then," said the reporter, "you are an atheist."

In much the same fashion the American citizen who declines to call himself a pacifist is likely to be put down as a militarist.

One reason why all those who advocate peace at any price, or even peace at almost any price, are inclined to regard all who disagree with them as believing in militarism is that our English vocabulary is defective. We have a name (recently coined) for the believer in peace at any price—we call him a pacifist. We have a name (an old word with a new meaning) for the person who believes in putting the military power at the top—we call him a militarist. But for the rest of us who are neither pacifists nor militarists there is no generally accepted name. We propose, for want of a better term, the name justicist.

Pacifism is the belief that the chief object of the state is to establish and maintain peace. Those who believe in this doctrine regard peace as more important than national obligation, more important than the honorable observance of pledges, more important than the defense of weaker peoples, more important than the preservation of the nation's institutions, more important than even the protection of the lives of children and the lives and honor of women. Those who hold this doctrine are entitled to be called pacifists.

Militarism is the belief that the chief object of the state is to establish and maintain power. Those who believe in this doctrine regard the power of the state as an end to be sought in itself, and to the securing of that power they believe it is right to sacrifice treaties and other national obligations and to make the military organization of the state superior in authority to the civil government. Those who hold this doctrine are entitled to be called militarists.

There is, however, a third doctrine which is neither pacifism nor militarism. For the lack of a better name, we shall call it justicism.

Justicism is the belief that the chief object of the state is to establish and maintain justice. Those who believe in this doctrine regard peace as the normal condition of human life, but are willing to sacrifice the comforts and benefits of peace in order to secure justice. If there is injustice between man and man and there is no other way to establish justice than to hunt down the offender, they are willing to have the community disturbed until the offender is caught, secured, and subjected to the courts of justice. If there is injustice between nations, they are willing, if it is necessary, to have the tranquillity of the world disturbed in order to protect those who are suffering from injustice and to restrain the unjust nation. They believe that the state should be powerful, but are willing to sacrifice the state's power when it is the agent of injustice, and at all times to restrain it, to make it subject to the conscience of humanity. And to this end they believe that the military forces of the nation should be subject to the civil authority. Those who hold this doctrine are neither pacifists nor militarists, and they are entitled, if they wish, to be called justicists.

The militarist declares that necessity knows no law, and defends the violation of neutralized territory and the invasion of an unoffending nation under the plea that the perpetration of such wrong is necessary to the power of the state. The pacifist deplores such injustice, utters moral condemnation against the perpetrator of the wrong, but because resistance will mean a disturbance of the peace acquiesces in the wrong and permits, or at least does nothing to prevent, the militarist's success. The justicist denies the truth of the militarist's philosophy, declines to join the pacifist in permitting the triumph of that philosophy, and declares not only that the state should resist it, but that he himself, so far as in him lies, should

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do all that he can to thwart the militarist's aims, to prevent the pacifist from assisting the militarist, and to re-establish law, honor, and justice.

CHRISTMAS, 1916, LOOKING BACKWARD

The city dweller who has noted the matnematically modulated manner in which the hall-boy of his flat accepts his Christmas offering and who, out of the corner of his eye, has seen this same dignitary "checking off," on a convenient cuff, the names of his benefactors and the size of their benefactions, may feel, on looking backward at Christmas, that the occasion has lost some of the spontaneous kindliness which has made that day in the past the happiest festival of the Christian world. Even for that city dweller, however much of a pessimist he may have become, and no matter how far he may have been removed from any possibility of celebrating Christmas in a truly Dickens-like fashion, there does exist an opportunity of making Christmas as personal a celebration and as Christmas-like in spirit as anything which could have been achieved with unlimited holly, fireplaces, spangles, turkeys, and plum puddings.

The Christmas spirit is, after all, only Christmas thought expressed in some form or other—it does not matter much how or what. One of the best ways of expressing such a spirit, and one which has been growing in popularity during the past few years, is the sending of a Christmas card which is something more than a purchased jingle and which conveys some idea of the individuality of the sender and of the real thought which underlies the Christmas greeting.

It is now a long way until next Christmas, but we cannot wait until then to share with our readers one of the best of such personal expressions of Christmas thought which came to us this year. Perhaps it may start some one thinking of new ways of saying "Merry Christmas" in 1917. It is never too early for such an effort and never too late to feel the spirit of a "Merry Christmas" which is not the rubber-stamp greeting that chills like frozen mist.

The Christmas letter to which we refer came to us with the expressed fear that it might get tangled up in the columns of some newspaper, but we are going impolitely to ignore every thought that such a prohibition is meant to apply to us, and throw our well-wisher upon the mercy of our readers without any further to-do. The letter begins:

If it weren't
That letters
To Santa Claus
Get in the newspapers
We would write
A letter
Something like this:

Dear Santa—
Last Christmas
We planned
To do all sorts
Of friendly things
In the new year.
Especially
To look up old friends
And make new ones
And keep acquainted.

But you know
What a job it is
To move
From Boston on the New Haven
When the embargo
Is on.
And what it is
To have to find
A new house
And get settled
In a new town
Twenty-two miles out
From Grand Central.
And what it is
To raise a garden
And have the peas
Fail
(Though the corn
And tomatoes
Were marvelous).
And what it is
To have to keep going
In spite of
Last summer and—everything.

Then comes a request to St. Nicholas which deserves an echoing thought every day of the year:

And so we are writing
You,
Saint Nicholas,
To ask
For all of us
A fresh start
This Christmas.

Make it
A children's Christmas
For grown-ups as well
As children—
Filled with Christmassy things,
Living things,
Like trees
And lights
And a star,
The blaze of an open fire-place
And stuffed stockings
And laughter
And joy,
The glad heart
And the warming friendliness
Of early Christmas morning—

The kind of Christmas,
Sir,
That is really
A Merry Christmas!

We may say that the receipt of this Christmas letter caused us to add the purchase of one jumping-jack, two dolls, and a box of candy to the sum total of all financial transactions consummated within the confines of New York City during the week before Christmas. And we thought that we had succeeded in doing all our Christmas shopping early!

THE PRESIDENT'S NOTE TO THE POWERS

A POLL OF THE PRESS

WITHOUT distinction of party, American newspapers are praising or blaming President Wilson for his note to the Powers. In any event, as the Burlington, Vermont, "Free Press" (Rep). says, President Wilson to-day occupies the center of the world stage. "His message of peace has challenged the attention of all civilized nations."

AMERICAN APPROVAL

The Burlington "Free Press" continues:

> Whether neutral or belligerent, all countries are busy to-day scanning his words and wondering what the harvest shall be. The President has thus centered all eyes upon himself and the American Nation he represents, because he has given voice to the peace aspirations of all belligerents no less than of all neutrals. Whether the American overtures are accepted or not, President Wilson's fame as a champion and advocate of peace is made doubly secure.

President Wilson wants each of the belligerents to tell what he is fighting for, chronicles the Syracuse "Post-Standard" (Rep). "If the objects of warfare are thus formulated he believes that there will be laid the foundation for peace."

Says the Louisville "Courier-Journal" (Dem.):

> If this is not a proposal for peace, notwithstanding the President's disavowal, it is hard to classify it. It is certainly something new in international deportment for an outsider formally to inquire of the participants in a war in which he is not involved what they think they are fighting about.

"Wilson's note for peace strikes the right key," proclaims the Lewiston, Maine, "Journal" (Rep.). It "is timely in tact and in sentiment. The rights of neutrals are our business and the belligerents should sit up and take better notice."

The New York "World's" (Dem.) opinion follows:

> A majority of the American people, in the East at least, have ceased to think about the war in terms of the United States. They are pro-British or pro-French or pro-German, and non-American. They have forgotten that their country has any direct relationship to this conflict or has any rights that it is bound to protect unless those rights happen to coincide with the aims of one set of belligerents or another. The President's note is a definite assertion that the United States has something of its own at stake, and that its standing in court is not to be ignored.

Therefore the chief point in favor of the note is its careful basing of the suggestion for a conference upon the plain, indisputable interest of the United States, concludes the Milwaukee "Sentinel" (Rep.), and adds that "it is professedly a move in our own proper business, and not a piece of officious interference that might warrant a rebuff."

Many American-American newspapers agree for once with

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a German-American organ, the "New-Yorker Herold," in the following view:

> The President's note is drawn up in such a manner that the impression is conveyed that he is merely sounding the belligerents as to the prospects of peace, but in reality he would not have dared to come out openly in this manner if secret negotiations, whether he should do so, had not been answered by the belligerents in the affirmative.

And the Topeka, Kansas, "Capital:"

> The fact that on previous occasions he has resolutely remained silent, though pressed to bring the great prestige of his office to the support of the peace factions, logically argues that back of his energetic action at this time stands some inner knowledge or advice that is conclusive in his own mind of the timeliness of present overtures.

Will the note bear fruit? Yes, answers the Columbia, South Carolina, "State" (Dem.):

> If the President's proposal to the belligerent Powers can be accepted by them, or even received with the moderate degree of respect to which any utterance of the head of a great nation is entitled, it will bear fruit—probably more fruit than the German suggestion of peace negotiations at the present time. That is manifestly a one-sided proposal.

But whether the warring peoples reject Mr. Wilson's appeal or not, they cannot be offended at it, observes the Rochester "Union and Advertiser" (Dem.), and adds:

> He has offered them an opportunity to go on record as sincere in their professions of a desire for peace. It may be that one side or the other is not yet ready for the discussion of peace. It has then nothing to do but to inform Mr. Wilson of its decision.

AMERICAN DISAPPROVAL

So much for commendation. As to adverse criticism, the Buffalo "News" (Rep.) expresses the opinion of many other journals as it says:

> President Wilson's note on the subject of peace elicited just what was expected—profound surprise, a little ridicule, and a measure of contempt. . . .
>
> As for any definite result of President Wilson's little cast into the arena of European politics, it is not to be expected.
>
> As happens to most letter writers, his pen has led him into depth from which he cannot well write himself out.

The New York "Tribune" (Rep.) "profoundly regrets that President Wilson should at this time have been moved to make any gesture which, however honestly intended to promote the cause of peace, will inevitably tend to complicate and not to clarify the situation." Its reason is the following:

> To the Allies this gesture, following the speech of Lloyd George, will seem a deliberate effort to give force and power to a German maneuver made in the name of peace but intended to promote the process of profit-taking as a result of a violation of right and justice.

Mr. Wilson's extraordinary conclusion that the objects of the war have never been definitely stated is thus disposed of by the Philadelphia "Ledger" (Rep.):

> It should not take a very diligent study of the utterances on both sides, official and unofficial, to determine this point. The President has apparently amplified a previous remark of his, to the effect that the origin of the conflict is "obscure." But this is a kind of verbal and ethical balancing which gets us nowhere.

The New York "Times" (Ind. Dem.), in general a warm supporter of the President, points out another of the note's misstatements and says of it:

> Mr. Wilson is on rather unsafe ground when he says that "the objects which the statesmen of the belligerent Powers on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same." There may be likeness in form as publicly expressed; it is the general belief that the objects they "have in mind" are about as dissimilar as could well be imagined.

The Boston "Transcript" (Rep.) concludes:

> If the proffer meets with an unfriendly reception among the Entente Allies, the effects of that unfriendliness will plague the people of the United States long after Woodrow Wilson has left the White House. What he did with his pen in a day it may take years for the sword of his countrymen to undo.

FOREIGN COMMENT

An important exponent of Liberal thought in England is the Manchester "Guardian." It says:

> We do not believe it possible for Germany to state her own case in reply to the demands we have put forward in such terms as to commend it to any neutral nation like America with strong democratic sympathies and humane feelings.
>
> For this reason we believe that the note, if coolly considered and wisely answered, can only help our cause and throw into stronger relief the moral weakness of the German position.

Another view is that of the London "Times:"

> We share in full President Wilson's humanitarian feelings; we are even fighting for them, but while we are fighting for peace we mean it to be a just and abiding peace. . . . Germans, our enemy, the enemy of humanity, are posing as the victorious aggressors in the very document in which they condescendingly summon the Allies to just such a conference as President Wilson desires.
>
> We have to demonstrate to them that frightfulness is a blunder as well as a crime, and to do that we must exact full reparation for that crime. . . . For these reasons, among others, we cannot listen to President Wilson's pleading.

The French have their own "Times," the Paris "Temps," which now apparently occupies as much of a position of prestige in France as the London "Times" has enjoyed in England. This is the view of "Le Temps:"

> It certainly seems that the Washington Cabinet in its desire for peace has neglected to look the problem in the face and weigh the real evidence. President Wilson's fundamental error dates far back to his refusal to pass upon the initial responsibility for the war. Judge what the two groups of belligerents say and think about peace; can one forget that one of them deliberately broke the peace while the other did everything to keep it? . . . The wish of the United States for peace was ours and that of our allies thirty months ago. The war was imposed on us by a people eager for conquest, and now we want that victory which alone will create a durable peace.

Since Baron Sonnino became Italian Foreign Minister his paper, the "Giornale d'Italia," of Rome, receives specially respectful attention. It says:

> Three mistakes are observable in the case of the American note: First, it was sent when the Allies were about to reject Germany's peace proposal; second, it makes no distinction between savages and civilized people; third, it proposes peace twenty-eight months too late.

In Germany the Liberal "Berliner Tageblatt" (reputed to reflect the opinions of Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg) and the Socialist "Vorwärts" hail the Wilson proposal with joy; the conservative "Deutsche Tageszeitung" and the "Kreuzzeitung," however, see in it only an effort to save England from catastrophe, and the Cologne "Volkszeitung" thinks that "America has put her money in Entente business, therefore America must try in the interest of her debtors to obtain the best possible conditions so that they may be able later to fulfill their financial obligations toward the United States." Finally, another Cologne paper, the "Kölnische Zeitung," suggests that "if Wilson tries to bring about the publication of the peace conditions on which the groups are inclined to make peace, he will aggravate, instead of soothing over, the contrasts and only prolong the war."

Neutral opinion is also divided. One side is expressed by the Swiss "Journal de Genève:"

> Whatever results President Wilson obtains, we Swiss and other neutrals must . . . salute him with respect. President Wilson has dared to propose something precise in order to realize his specific aspirations. He has caused during this dark Christmas a gleam of hope in a gloomy sky.

The other view is expressed by the Amsterdam "Telegraaf:"

> One need not immediately think the worst of President Wilson's intentions, but the form is clumsy. If this note had been drawn up by the German Government itself, it could hardly have shown greater lack of the most elementary conception of tact. For President Wilson there is not the slightest difference between Germany, which destroyed Belgium, and England, which drew the sword to redeem Belgium.

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IS THE PRESIDENT'S NOTE PRO-GERMAN?

ONE REASON WHY THE ALLIES THINK IT IS

THE perplexity and puzzlement in this country regarding the President's so-called peace note to the European belligerents, dated December 18, increase rather than decrease as time goes on. Various explanations of the motives and forces which led to the issuance of this note have been made, both abroad and at home. The New York "Times," for example, which is a supporter of the President's general policies, has in more than one editorial endeavored to explain that the note was addressed to Germany, and that its purpose was to insist that Germany should state her peace terms to the Allies. On the other hand, a special cable to the New York "Times" from Berlin, under date of December 26, quotes Dr. Bernhard Dernburg, who until May, 1915, was Germany's special representative in the United States and whose work in this country was to develop public opinion in support of Germany, as saying: "The war aims of the Central Powers [Germany and Austria] are the closest approximation to President Wilson's demands." Dr. Dernburg asks, Against whom could the United States be compelled to take measures to protect her interests? Obviously, he continues, against those who turned a deaf ear to the President's appeal for peace—that is to say, the Allies.

In France and in England very sober-minded public men agree with Dr. Dernburg in regarding the President's note as a pro-German document. They go so far as to say that the note is either unconsciously or consciously a part of a preconceived plan in this country, promoted by German interests, for the purpose of achieving German ends through American intervention. There are various grounds for this point of view. One of them is indicated by a correspondent of The Outlook, a well-known lawyer of New York City, who is thoroughly familiar with the attitude not only of French public men, but of French public feeling. He informs us that there is unexpressed but very deep resentment in France against the action of the Federal Reserve Board taken during the last week in November against the short-term Treasury notes offered for sale by the French Government and the British Government in the United States. The Federal Reserve Board officially advised the banks of the country not to invest in these Treasury notes, and thus gave an implied warning to American investors to be on their guard against the securities of the Allies.

The French as well as English critics who take this ground point out the fact that one of the most influential members of the Federal Reserve Board is Mr. Paul M. Warburg, who became a member of the Board on July 31, 1914. At that time he had been a partner in the firm of Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. for some twelve years, prior to which he was a partner in the firm of Messrs. M. M. Warburg & Co., the most prominent bankers of Hamburg. When he retired from Messrs. Kuhn, Loeb & Co., on joining the Federal Reserve Board, he also officially retired from the house of Warburg in Hamburg. But the head of the latter house is Mr. Max M. Warburg, a director of the Deutsche Bank, who is the elder brother of Paul M. Warburg. The German firm of Messrs. Warburg has been prominent in the negotiation of all the German war loans.

Mr. Paul M. Warburg became a citizen of the United States in 1911. In 1912 the German Kaiser decorated him with the Order of the Prussian Red Eagle for services rendered by him to the country of his origin in the field of finance. This is the ground of much French criticism of the disapproval, expressed by President Wilson and his Administration, of loans to the Allies on the part of American bankers.

British critics say that not long before the outbreak of the war Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, in conversation with a high British official, referred to Mr. Paul M. Warburg as a highly esteemed financial adviser of the German Government. That Mr. Warburg is known to his friends as a strong sympathizer and partisan of Germany they do not object to. But they do object to the efforts which they claim he made in October, 1914, to block American credits to the Allies. Our informant states that the Allied governments regard Mr. Warburg as the most powerful auxiliary of German diplomacy here.

The foregoing criticisms come from sources too responsible to permit their being waved aside as mere journalistic rumors. They contribute not a little to a proper understanding of the surprise, not to say resentment, with which the President's note has been received in France and England.

SANTA CLAUS IN A BLUE COAT

WE published last week a brief preliminary account of Police Commissioner Woods's plan for Christmas celebrations under the auspices of the police, to be held in the police "station-houses" of New York City. These celebrations were held, some on Sunday before Christmas Day, some on Christmas Day itself, and some on the day after, and their success surpassed all expectations.

Thirty-five thousand children were entertained in this way by the police in fifty-two of the eighty-seven police stations of the city.

Celebrations were not held in thirty-five precincts because they were in parts of the city sparsely populated or where the children ordinarily enjoyed Christmas without any extra assistance. But in the remaining fifty-two station-houses on Christmas day or on the day before or on the day after were sights never seen before by the oldest "copper" on the force. The "desk" (that high sort of counter from behind which a lieutenant ordinarily questions the unfortunates who are arrested) was, in most of these station-houses, a mass of American bunting, green wreaths, and red-paper decorations. The cold, barren "back room," familiar to many a sorrowing offender, was as gay as the very parlor of St. Nick himself, and was lighted by the candles on—"Oh, joy, it's true," as one tot said—"a sure-'nough Christmas tree." Upstairs, in at least one case, the dormitory where the policemen sleep was turned into a moving-picture hall, while in other cases the captain's office was taken for Kriss Kringle's personal use and was packed with numbered paper bags or pasteboard boxes holding the good things which Santa Claus brought in his motor truck—that is, reindeer sleigh.

The police handled the whole affair with wonderful efficiency. The selection of the thirty-five thousand children as the neediest in all the metropolis was a great task in itself, but the police were equal to it, although they found that in many cases the urchins recommended by child-welfare societies were by no means the most deserving. Perhaps more children were weeded out by this selective process than were finally accepted. Then the necessary measurements of the children were learned from their parents or from some friend (for many had no parents), so that the shoes and hats and other articles of apparel which were presented to them would fit each recipient. Each child was given a ticket on which was stated the hour at which he or she should appear at the station-house and bearing a number corresponding to the number on the package the youngster was to receive.

The money for buying the presents was subscribed by the friends of the police and the children. Although only $25,000 was asked for, $56,700 was given, mainly in small subscriptions, as well as $12,000 worth of presents donated in the form of articles suitable for presents. In deciding what to give to the children the police saw to it that each child got "something to eat, something to wear, and something to play with," such as a box of candy, a dress, and a doll for a girl, or an apple, a shirt, and a ball for a boy. In many cases children got at least two articles of apparel, for in as many cases as possible they were

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given shoes in addition to suits, shirts, and the other forms of clothing.

But these material presents were not all. At each police station there were varied and even elaborate programmes of entertainment. For instance, one precinct offered moving pictures, while downtown in another station some of the versatile policemen played the piano or the violin, or sang, while one proved to be a capital clown and another was an irresistible Charlie Chaplin. Usually, before each entertainment began a little talk was given to the children by the precinct captain. He told them that the presents which they were about to get were due directly to the particular "cop" who had asked them to the festivities. If they liked the presents, therefore, perhaps they would think twice next time before making a fire in the street or doing something else which would mean extra work for that "cop." Incidentally a few words were said to both children and parents, who often came with them, in regard to the dangers of playing on the street, a form of sport which in the past year led to accidents to twenty-two thousand youngsters in New York.

Finally, when each child had got his or her presents, the child was escorted home by adults who belonged to the Home Defense League, an organization of adults who co-operate with New York's police in many valuable ways. As most of the policemen were engaged in the Christmas festivities in the station-houses, this protection was wise, for the tiny tots laden with presents might have been easy prey for older and tougher gang-members not invited to the ceremonies.

This police Christmas was valuable for the amount of sunshine it brought into the drab lives of poor city children. It was no less valuable in that it called public attention to the kindness and human side of the police. Many policemen gave up much of their vacation to help "the kids get a real Christmas," and not a man on the force but gave freely a great deal of time and energy to this end.

The delightful and unique Christmas spirit which everybody felt, from the biggest police officer to the littlest child, was the great product of this remarkable celebration. But it will render a utilitarian service in making New York a better city. If the children of any city get it into their heads that the policemen are their friends, then let lawbreakers look to themselves. Had the money which bought the presents for these children been taken out of the municipal treasury it would have been well spent merely as a measure of protection. What may prove to be the best fruit of Commissioner Woods's station-house Christmas trees is the friendship established between the parents, the children, and the "cop on the corner."

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE CHRISTIANITY OF JESUS CHRIST

JESUS CHRIST is very generally regarded as the founder of a religion. It is thought that China has a religion named for its founder, Confucianism; Persia, a religion named for its founder, Zoroastrianism; Turkey, a religion named for its founder, Mohammedanism; Christendom, a religion named for its founder, Christianity. Each of these religions has its own characteristic religious creed or creeds, form or forms of worship, and church organization. We compare these religions to see which is the best; or we believe that we have the true religion and all the others are false and endeavor to supplant them with ours; or we endeavor to select something from each of these religions and make a new and universal religion; and some even propose to throw them all into the junk heap as outgrowths of essentially the same superstition. As we cannot all agree what was the creed, what the ritual, and what the church organization which Jesus Christ prescribed, we divide up into different Christian sects, each with its own creed, ritual, and organization, each claiming to have derived them from the founder of Christianity. And we determine the question whether any individual is a Christian or not by asking, Will you accept this creed, unite in this form of worship, belong to this organization?

But, in fact, Jesus Christ is not the founder of a religion.

He prescribed no creed, formulated no system of theology. He taught certain principles of life, such as the cultivation of a spiritual vision looking upon and estimating at their right values the unseen realities; a spirit of hope dissatisfied with the achievements of the past and aspiring to a better record in the future; a spirit of good will, reverent and trustful toward God, kindly and helpful toward all mankind. Out of these and other teachings we have constructed our theologies, but they are no more a part of the Christianity of Jesus Christ than the homes which we construct out of forest trees are part of the forest.

He prescribed no form of worship. He did not even counsel his disciples to unite in any exercise of public worship. Once they asked him to teach them how to pray. Ask your heavenly Father, he replied, for the things you want as your children ask you, Are you hungry? Ask him for bread. Are you perplexed? Ask him for guidance. Are your temptations too strong for you? Ask him to help you to overcome them. Have you sinned? Do not be afraid of him. Ask him for forgiveness. Do not you forgive one another? And do you think you can forgive and he cannot? We have converted this Lord's Prayer into a ritual and use it in our public worship; and it is well to do so. But he did not prescribe it as a form, but gave it as an illustration. His own prayer recorded in the seventeenth chapter of John is a much better illustration of his own spirit of devotion.

He organized no church. The word church occurs only twice in the Gospels, and the Greek word means assembly or mass-meeting. It would not be inapt to translate it town-meeting. He had not time or strength to reach all the people with his message. So at one time he selected twelve friends and sent them to preach in the villages while he preached in the larger towns and cities. At another time, when the territory to be reached was larger, he selected seventy for the same purpose. But he did not frame for them any constitution or by-laws or appoint for them any officers or authorize them to appoint any successors. When they returned to him with their report, their mission was ended.

The earliest creed, known as the Apostles' Creed, was framed not earlier than the second century; and the definite organization of ritual and church date from about the same epoch. Creed, ritual, church, are outgrowths from Christianity; but they are no part of the Christianity of Jesus Christ. He prescribed no form for either religious thought, religious worship, or religious organization.

Jesus Christ did not come to found a new religion. He has told us in perfectly explicit terms for what purpose he came. "I am come," he said, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." He came, not to found a new religion, but to give a new life.

When he came, the prevailing feeling toward God or the gods was one of fear—sometimes an abject and sordid fear of a powerful and implacable enemy whose favor could be won only by the most painful sacrifices or enormous gifts; sometimes a nobler and worthier fear of God as a just judge whose punishments must be submissively borne unless they could be escaped by bitter repentance.

Jesus Christ brought into the world a new life toward God because a new interpretation of God. He did not argue for the existence of God or furnish a catalogue of his attributes. There is nothing in his teaching which parallels the theological definition in the Westminster Confession of Faith. He did not teach a philosophy; he imparted an experience. When ye pray, say, Our Father; he is my Father and your Father, my God

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and your God. As a father giveth good gifts to his children, so he gives his spirit to those that ask him. You are not too insignificant for his attention; he numbers the hairs of your head, he cares for the least of the birds and the commonest of the flowers. You are not too outcast for his sympathy. He cares for the sick, the blind, the leper, the insane. Your sins do not hide you from his care. He comes seeking to recover you from your sins, as a woman a lost coin, a shepherd a lost sheep, a father a lost son. Nor did Christ merely teach this as a theory; he lived what he taught. God was his intimate companion. His own love for the sick, the insignificant, the insane, the erring and sinful, was the reflection of his father's love. The companionship which he enjoyed with his Father he offered to all who would follow him. And not once did he make creed, ritual, or church membership a condition of this fellowship.

Doubtless other teachers had taught similar lessons. References to the fatherhood of God are to be found occasionally in the Hebrew Scriptures, occasionally in the Greek classics. But Jesus Christ taught, as his contemporaries said, "with authority." His own life of companionship with the Father he inspired in his friends and followers, and that inspiration, transmitted from generation to generation, has transformed the attitude of man toward God wherever his teaching has gone. This transformation has not been confined to those who have accepted the current definition of the Church concerning him. Professor Durant Drake in his volume of "Problems of Religion" quotes "that robust old atheist" Lucretius: "Who is there whose mind does not shrink into itself with fear of the gods, whose limbs do not creep with terror when the parched earth rocks under the terrible blast of the thunderbolt and the roaring winds sweep across the heavens?" If one would know what Christ means when he says, "I have come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," let him compare with this utterance of the ancient Greek atheist the following paragraph from a published prayer of Theodore Parker, counted in his day by the orthodox Church a heretic of the heretics: "O Father, who adornest the summer and cheerest the winter with thy presence, we thank thee that we know that thou art our father and our mother, that thou foldest in thine arms all the worlds which thou hast made, and warmest with thy mother's breath each mote that peoples the sun's beams and blessest every wandering, erring child of man."

Jesus Christ has not substituted a new creed for an old creed. But he has given a new experience for an old experience. He has expelled from the breasts of men the slave's fear of an austere Monarch and put in its place a child's reverencing love for a heavenly Father.

When Jesus Christ came, the prevailing feeling of man toward his fellow-man was one of aversion, if not of bitter hostility. Men had good will toward the members of their own family; generally toward members of their own clan or tribe; often toward members of their own nation; occasionally it extended toward all members of their own race. But all members of other races and other nations they counted their natural enemies.

Jesus Christ was brother to all mankind. He saw in every man, the lowest and the poorest, a child of his Father, and therefore a brother. In his first recorded sermon in Nazareth he taught that God was the father of the pagan no less than of the Jew, and his Jewish audience mobbed him for it. He compelled from critics the reluctant admission that the heretical and apostate Samaritan was a neighbor. He saw in a pagan centurion more faith than he had seen in orthodox Judaism. In the city of priests and publicans he passed the priesthood by to dine with the hated and despised tax-gatherer. He did not merely teach publicans and sinners, he sat at meat with them—which to the purists of his day was intolerable. He taught by his life more eloquently even than by his words the unity of the human race and the abolition of all race and creed and class distinctions.

Nineteen centuries have passed since he died, and his own followers have not yet overtaken him. But the spirit of humanity in our age and country—the spirit which has abolished slavery, welcomed to our land men of many races, nationalities, and tongues, opened for all a public school system, given to all a share in the responsibilities of government, established for the poor, the sick, and the insane asylums and hospitals, and is today ministering for the peoples of other races and religions and nationalities engaged in tragic warfare—is the fruit of a life of humanity which he came to give to the world, a life running far beyond all the boundaries erected by our creeds or rituals or church organizations.

When Jesus Christ came, sorrow and suffering were almost universally regarded as evils to be either evaded or vanquished. The Epicurean shut his eyes to the sorrows of life and said: Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. The Stoics said: Let us face the facts; life is a long tragedy; there is nothing better than to grit our teeth and bear it.

Jesus did not flee from sorrow. He did not merely bravely endure it. He came seeking to share the sorrows and bear the burden of others. He coveted the joy of self-sacrifice. He was animated himself and he sought to animate others by a great purpose. He had a vision of a world ruled by a spirit of justice, peace, and good will. This kingdom of heaven he was resolved to establish on the earth. He saw that it could be accomplished only by a long campaign, through many a battle, many a defeat, before victory could come. He called for volunteers and told them frankly what the campaign would cost them: property, health, friends, family, life itself, might all have to be sacrificed. They must not only bear with patience the burdens laid upon them, they must seek them. They must *take up* their cross, must not only bear their own burdens but ask opportunity to bear each other's burdens. He laid down his life; they must lay down their lives. He came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to offer his life a ransom for many; and if they would be his followers they must share his spirit and join with him in the self-sacrifice. They must drink of his cup, they must be baptized with his baptism. And they must do this with no hope of reward—not to be seen of men, not to win crowns here or hereafter, but for the sake of the service.

His appeal found, and still finds, its response in heroic hearts. It gave to life a new interpretation and to sorrow and suffering a new meaning. A great purpose has transfused the tragedy of life with a great glory. The dogged resistance of the Stoic, the pusillanimous evasion of the Epicurean, have given place to the eager quest for the place of danger by the volunteer. "We glory in tribulation also," says Paul, "knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope; and hope maketh not ashamed." The spirit of self-sacrifice which calls the French soldier to the colors and inspires him to seek the post of greatest danger and difficulty animates unnumbered thousands of unsung, unhonored ministers to life. All who are animated by that spirit and are laying down their lives in eager service for others I call Christians, whatever creed they hold, whatever ritual they use, whatever organization they are working with.

"Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,—
He follows in his train."

Jesus Christ came to give life, not to organize a church and equip it with a creed and a ritual.

I have furnished only three illustrations of the life which he came to bring into the world. To describe that life would be to write a history of Christianity. He has abolished the fear of death; has shown us how we may escape the bitterness and burden of remorse; how we may raise from their graves our buried hopes, renew our childhood, and begin life anew; he has revolutionized government, has abolished slavery, has begun the yet uncompleted emancipation of labor, has created systems of popular education, has enriched literature, added to architecture, and almost created painting and music. But enough here for one article. Christianity is not the same as Churchianity. It is a new life, and it can no more be confined in a creed or creeds, a ritual or rituals, a church or churches, than spring can be confined in a glass house. It is the spirit of vision, of aspiration, of self-sacrificing service. It is wanting in some who call themselves Christians. It is radiant in some who do not call themselves Christians. It exists wherever the spirit of faith, hope, and charity dominate the life.

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-Hudson.

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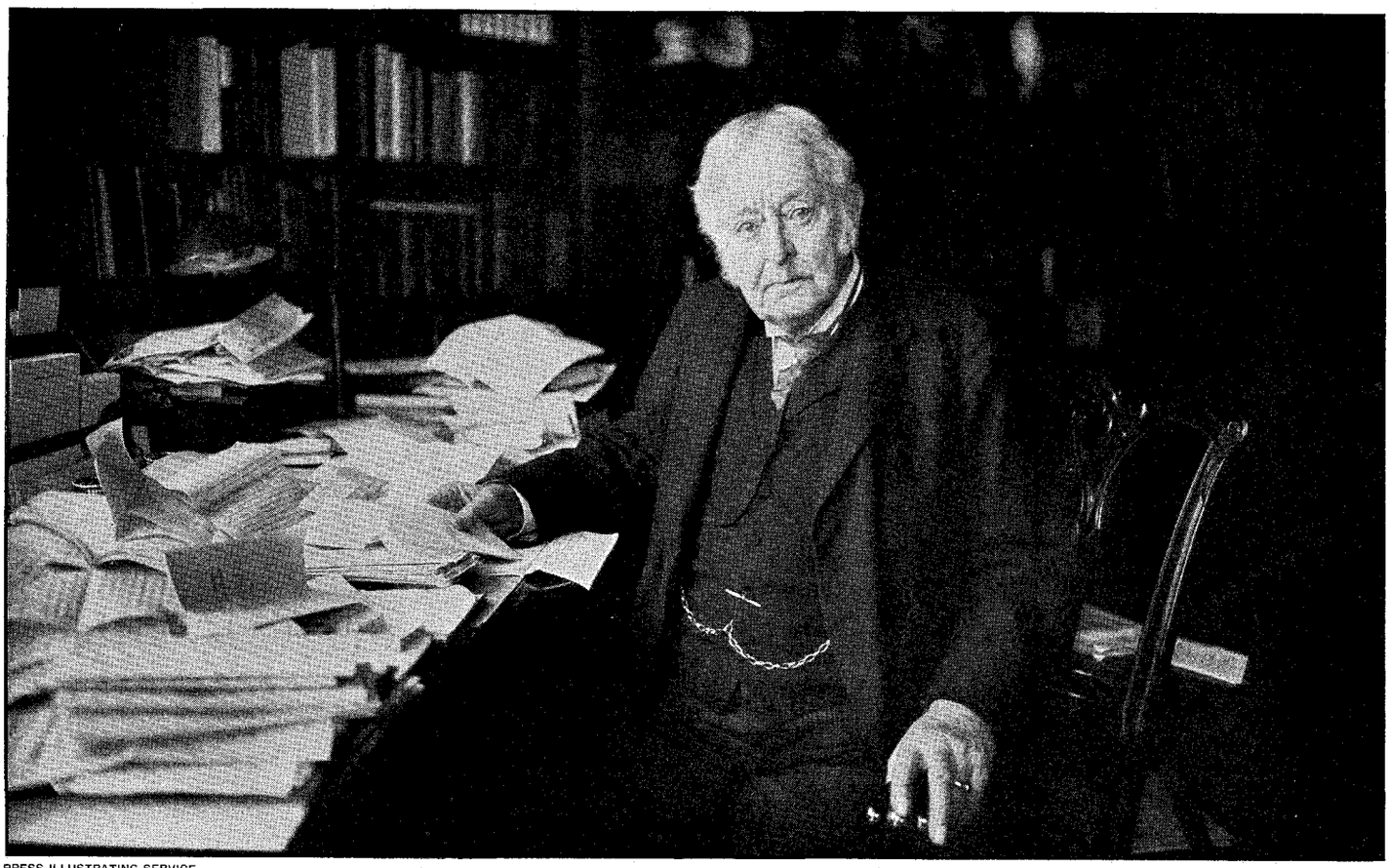

PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK DECEMBER 20, 1916

JOSEPH H. CHOATE: AN APPRECIATION

BY H. MERIAN ALLEN

WHEN it is realized that Joseph Hodges Choate, famous lawyer, Ambassador, publicist, and gentleman, will be eighty-five years old on January 24, it must also be realized that the Anglo-Saxon world's appreciation of this great American which the occasion will again spontaneously call forth is undimmed by passing years. Uniting the highest intellectual gifts and attainments with innate integrity, simplicity, and refinement, he to-day resembles no one more than the chivalrous, cultured, invincible William Pitt, Lord Chatham.

When the visitor bent upon congratulations enters the perfectly appointed home on Sixty-third Street, New York, he will be shown into a spacious library, the walls of which are lined with books representing every conceivable side of literature. The host is seated at a large table in a far corner, and in full light; he spends most of his time in that favorite room. As the friend is announced, up he starts with the alert quickness of twenty-five years ago, and as he comes down the room with springy step and outstretched hand to meet his guest a picture is furnished which largely explains the secret of his fame.

One is impressed at once with the stalwart frame and massive head. Mr. Choate always has been, and still is, a handsome man. The features are of classic mold, and in eyes, nose, and mouth the physical side of him is distinctly reminiscent of England's eighteenth-century War Minister. The nose is straight and prominent. The brown eyes reveal subtle and varied powers of expression; they can dart fire, droop in irony, sparkle with humor, beam in kindness, or melt in sympathy. About the mouth rests a decided charm; unconcealed by mustache, the lips are neither compressed nor full. Firmness is there, but a smile lurks within. Grayish-brown hair parted in the middle over a broad forehead, closely cropped side-whiskers, and faultless dress complete a description of a truly courtly democrat. With a face lighted up as only Mr. Choate's can be, welcome will be voiced in hearty but musical tones, containing, too, just a suspicion of Yankee twang, not at all unpleasing. That betrays the man's Massachusetts origin. And the conversation may be directed from a corner of the table, which Mr. Choate will stride, one leg dangling over and swinging to and fro, a habit of old court days, accompanying some of his most effective cross-examinations.

Truly here is a personality at once picturesque and magnetic. Other men have challenged the world with intellect, but they have taken themselves at all times seriously. Mr. Choate has not done this. While one admires the learning, world knowledge, and grace of diction that distinguish America's former Ambassador to Great Britain, there is a something else which has aided in setting him apart as so real an influence. It is the permanent social genius of the man, created by his democracy, smoothed to finish by his tolerance, and memorably lit up by a charming wit which illumines all else, and has kept his mind and body young at five years beyond the fourscore.

His six years' stay at the Court of St. James's was one uninterrupted triumph; it is not too much to say that he enjoyed greater popularity in England than any of his predecessors, with the possible exception of Lowell. Many an international wrinkle was ironed out by a timely joke. Indeed, as an after-dinner speaker his renown has equaled that held by any other in the United States for several decades.

Mr. Choate has the happy knack of conveying precisely what he means without producing those unnecessary heart-burnings which too often are stirred by other and smaller men. This trait was amply illustrated a couple of dozen years ago during the trial of Laidlaw against Russell Sage. Many yet remember the sensational attempt of a crank to blow up the prominent capitalist with a bomb in a futile effort to extort money. An explosion took place, which, while it left Sage unscathed except for a few scratches, severely injured Mr. Laidlaw, a confidential secretary, who subsequently brought an action for damages against his employer. The plaintiff was represented by Mr. Choate, while the defendant had as senior counsel the late Edward C. James, a direct opposite in type to Mr. Choate, for he was ponderous, slow, and absolutely

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without sense of humor. In course of the cross-examination of wily Russell, the plaintiff's attorney asked, "Did you bring your clerk here to testify as to the condition of the office after the police had cleared it out?"

"I did not bring him here," was the reply; "my counsel did."

"I see," exclaimed Mr. Choate, "you do not do any barking when you have a dog to do it for you."

James and his colleague instantly jumped up in high indignation, the former gravely asking, "Which of us is referred to as a dog?"

"Oh, all of us," laughingly replied Mr. Choate, and the incident closed without bad feeling.

On another occasion, when a candidate for judicial honors had been spoken of in his hearing, the great lawyer, with drooping eyes and the utmost suavity, remarked, "Ah, yes; a capable young man, a very capable young man. In his fourteen years' term he may learn enough to be a judge."

At a certain New York bar dinner, after a prosy *raconteur* had nearly succeeded in emptying the room, this versatile humorist saved the evening with his first words. "Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," said he, "we are all lawyers here to-night—except the judges."

As an orator, "Joe" Choate, as he is frequently and lovingly called, again forces comparison with the great elder Pitt. Each was possessed of a voice of rare clarity, melody, and carrying power; the gestures of each, unconventional but full of grace, formed almost a species of eloquence in themselves. The American never hesitates for a word, always has something well worth the saying, and never repeats himself. His speeches are an unhesitating flow of compact and orderly yet colloquial phrases, invariably exalted in tone, and usually relieved by exquisite humor. Some of the principal addresses of a lifetime have been lately gathered between book covers, among the more notable being those on Lincoln, Franklin, Hamilton, Emerson, and the speaker's renowned uncle, Rufus Choate—though it seems invidious to pick and choose.

Of course Mr. Choate's name is not unknown in the world of politics. It figured among the foremost in the fight against Boss Tweed in 1871—its bearer was largely instrumental in breaking up that infamous ring. In the great New York municipal campaign of 1897 his efforts on the side of reform, in speeches of finest eloquence and most biting sarcasm, are still subjects of admiration among the discerning. So extended was the reputation gained in this work that Mr. Choate was mentioned in connection with a seat in the United States Senate, but such a post was not to his liking and he discouraged the project.

But it is Choate, the rapier-like cross-examiner and unsurpassed jury orator, that, apart from Choate the eminently sociable, will be remembered best. His fame in these respects preceded him to London, and before he left there he was elected a bencher of the Middle Temple, an unusual honor to be given a foreigner. From the day when he joined William M. Evarts in the later fifties until his retirement in 1899 to become Minister to England he was identified with nearly all of the important litigation in New York, and had frequently been called to assist at the bars of other States. Up to a dozen or more years ago no other member of the American bar cut such a familiar and effective figure before the United States Supreme Court. Among his more important legal battles was the noted Fitz-John Porter case. As a general in the Federal army, Porter had been dismissed early in the Civil War for alleged incapacity during the Battle of Bull Run, and after the Rebellion he sought vindication and reinstatement. Mr. Choate won this fight against great odds, showing amazing ability and speed in the assimilation of military technique. In the celebrated Di Cesnola matter it became necessary to dip into ancient lore, and here, too, not only the public but the profession were astounded at the ease and completeness with which this was done. Mr. Choate was also associated with the Tilden, A. T. Stewart, and Stanford will cases, still referred to as the leading authorities in this country upon all questions of testamentary intention.

Mr. Choate's whole conduct of a trial, his treatment of witnesses, of the Court, of opposite counsel and the jury, was irresistibly fascinating. There was never that fierce, blustering rancor so often seen on the part of a lawyer, and when he smiled, as he so often did, one could not help smiling with him, no matter what prejudices one might cherish. Once, when defending a suit against a large corporation, the plaintiff's attorney, well known at the New York bar, raked Mr. Choate's clients fore and aft with broadsides of fiery condemnation, concluding by denouncing them as "vampires, monsters that feed on the blood of the people." He had undeniably impressed the jury, as speeches of this sort frequently do for the moment. All through this tirade the brilliant counsel for the defense had sat in his chair, rocking carelessly to and fro on the back legs, with his hands in his pockets, and seemingly at peace with all the world. When his adversary sat down, he arose with a pleasant smile. "Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "do you know what a vampire really is? Look at the Quaker gentleman who is the president of the defendant company there in the gray suit and white neckcloth. Look at the inoffensive young man sitting beside him, his secretary. You thought vampires were something terrible when Brother Parsons described them. So did I. But can it be so? For these, gentlemen, are vampires!"

Another time, during a will case, Mr. Choate was cross-examining one Felix McClusky, who had testified to certain facts very injurious to the great jurist's case if allowed to stand. The first question asked was, "Is it true, Mr. McClusky, that you have general repute as the modern Baron Munchausen?"

"You are the second blackguard that has asked me that question in the last week!" shouted the witness, red of face and neck. Whereat it does not need a lawyer to point out that McClusky's credibility was greatly impaired in the eyes of the jury. The astute counsel had gained his point.

Mr. Choate had no patience with idiosyncrasies of judicial temperament, and any visitation of them upon himself was always warranted to call into exercise that quiet dignity so assuredly one of his charms. It is related that on one occasion, when addressing the Court in an important matter, the Judge deliberately turned in his chair and began to converse with an attorney sitting near. Instantly the lawyer stopped speaking and remained silent until, finally, this embarrassing position attracted the attention of the Bench. With perfect suavity but nevertheless with an ominous glitter of the eye, the famous advocate took out his watch and said: "I shall require just forty minutes to make this argument. In that forty minutes I shall have to ask for the undivided attention of the Court." He received it.

When, after more than forty years, Mr. Choate retired from the active practice of law, he had accumulated a large fortune, while his annual fees could not have amounted to much, if any, less than one hundred thousand dollars. A great deal of wonderment was expressed then that he should be willing to give up such an enormous income to accept a position paying but a little over seventeen thousand dollars a year. But the gifted scholar and genial man of the world was not money-mad. He had at that time well-nigh reached the threescore years and ten, and his mind was made up to devote what remained of life to home and letters and mankind at large.

He always has had strong domestic tendencies, not the least lovable of his many lovable sides being a deep affection for Mrs. Choate. Every one has heard how, when once asked who he would rather be if not himself, he replied, "Mrs. Choate's second husband," but not every one has heard the comment of a certain London hostess when this delightful little bit of sentiment was repeated to her. The joke fell upon stony ground—the fate of so many American witticisms in British lands. "But who is Mrs. Choate's second husband?" asked the matron.

No man has been honored more extensively by universities at home and abroad than this former Ambassador. After having had the degree of Doctor of Laws bestowed upon him eight years ago by the University of Pennsylvania, he was a guest at an alumni dinner, together with many noted "Pennsy" men. Rising in that easy, self-contained manner of his, he began, "Fellow-alumni," whereat he was stopped for a moment by applause; then he added, with a smile, "of my tenth Alma Mater." So it was. Graduated by Harvard, from which he received the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Laws, and Master of Arts, nine other colleges, including English Cambridge and Scotch Edinburgh, St. Andrew's, and Glasgow, had conferred upon him their LL.D.'s. Since then Oxford and three other institutions have honored him.

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"A TRAVELER FROM A DISTANT LAND"

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

It's a long journey through the stellar spaces,
And, boy, we're glad it's over and you're here;
No more alone on that ethereal mere,
But safe abed and watched by friendly faces.
We hope you'll like us and our earthly places.
You'll find us kindly on the whole, though queer;
Not ever quite so bad as we appear,
And at our maddest not without our graces.

And here you are to live and help us live.
Bend close and listen, bird with folded wings.
Here is life's secret: Keep the upward glance!
Remember Aries is your relative,
The Moon's your uncle, and those Twinkling Things
Your sisters and your cousins and your aunts.

WHAT ENGLAND HAS LEARNED FROM WAR

BY HERBERT A. L. FISHER

MINISTER OF EDUCATION IN THE NEW BRITISH CABINET

This is the first of three articles by Dr. Fisher, who has just become a member of the new British Cabinet formed by Mr. Lloyd George as Prime Minister. The other articles will appear in following issues. The author is distinguished as a historian; his "Political History of England" and his contributions to the Cambridge Modern History are well known. Dr. Fisher is Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University and a member of many scholarly and literary societies. He will be particularly remembered in this country because of the series of Lowell Lectures delivered by him in Boston seven years ago.—THE EDITORS.

THE old statement of the Greek historians that war is a series of surprises was never better verified than by the sudden emergence in England of a popular interest in educational reform in the midst of the unspeakable calamities of the present conflict. Educational people have, indeed, for the last two generations fretted and fumed over educational problems, and we have witnessed a good deal of restless change, mostly for the better, at our universities and in our schools. The provision for teaching has been enormously enlarged. The curricula have been modernized and the frontiers between the old studies and the new are skirmished over year after year by small and lively professional levies to whom every inch of the debatable ground is familiar. But, though there has been steady educational progress, there has been no popular enthusiasm for education. When an education act is debated in Parliament everybody is passionately interested, but not about education. The contest rages over the rival claims of the religious denominations and over the desirability of teaching the fundamental truths of Christianity in schools provided by the state. The last subject which influenced the Parliamentary voter was education. That he was content to leave to the specialist, not out of respect to specialist wisdom, but out of indifference to a subject so immaterial and tedious.

But now the tide is running fast and free in the direction of a great and comprehensive revision of our national scheme of education. The newspapers thunder for educational reform and the editors stamp their feet with impatience that the Government is not prepared with an educational dictator who will present the country with a complete scheme for the regeneration of the Empire. Conferences are held up and down the country. There are full-dress debates in the House of Lords. Everybody seems suddenly concerned with the chinks in our educational armor and has his own favorite recipe for filling them. The Government has appointed two committees to consider respectively the teaching of science and modern languages, and the universities are busily employed in reviewing their programmes in the light shed upon the situation by the war.

It might be assumed from all this feverish activity that the war had revealed some great incompetence or failure, against the recurrence of which it was the immediate duty of the nation to provide. But this is not so. The war has taught us what we knew before—that, while we were prepared to meet any power on the sea, we were not organized to undertake a land war against the most powerful army in Europe. It has taught us that we were unprepared for a particular emergency, against which there was no particular credit in preparing. We did not wish a war with Germany. We did not intend a war with Germany. We were therefore, of malice aforethought, unprepared for a war with Germany. We had retained, until the war burst upon us, that old civilian organization and those old civilian traditions which had come down to us from the seventeenth century, and which formed part of the British—as they still form part of the American—conception of civil life and liberty.

There is nothing discreditable in all this. There is no particular educational virtue in making howitzers and machine guns rather than steam plows and tram lines. A nation has no cause to feel ashamed because it has preferred to pursue the arts of peace rather than to train itself for the exceptional and lamentable emergency of war. To argue from such unpreparedness as ours was in the sphere of land warfare two years ago to a grave deficiency in our scheme of national education is tantamount to a declaration that the test of a good education consists in the perfection of its adjustment to a military end. But education is nothing of the kind. The aims of education are civil, not military; general, not particular. They may be summed up by saying that education aims at both the elevation of character and the discipline of mind, and that no practical object which a scheme of education may incidentally achieve is of any value unless in the course of its achievement each of these two objects is sensibly furthered.

The one new thing which the war has revealed to us is the wholly unexpected ranges of moral splendor in the character of the nation. The British people have always taken a morbid pleasure in listening to the story of their degenerate ways, and the surest road to a literary reputation in this country is to practice the act of ethical denunciation. During the last thirty years the sermons upon our decrepitude have been sounded all round the globe. The British colonies believed in them. The Continent of

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Europe believed in them. The British public almost believed in them. The thing was said so often that how should it not be true? There were the slums in the great towns, the inordinate luxury of the rich, the infant mortality, the popularity of football and the picture palaces, the prevalence of drink, the decline of religion, the acrimony of party politics, the emergence of syndicalism, the growing tension between capital and labor, and a hundred other sinister symptoms which, if untended, might result in a serious and irremediable disease of the body politic. People asked themselves whether the fiber of old England had not in effect become relaxed, and whether it could stand any very special strain. Some physicians reported the presence of a weak, febrile tendency in the national character unknown to the robuster age, and premonitory of much mischief in the future.

The response of the nation to the call for men dispelled all these misgivings as the hot sun of June scatters the thin white mist in the river valley. There is clearly nothing much amiss with the moral fiber of a nation which can raise five million volunteers to take part in the most destructive and nerve-racking war that the world has ever seen. And when we consider what our armies had to face during the first two years of the war, how necessarily incomplete was their equipment, and with what stanch and unbreakable resolution they faced the tremendous odds against them, the grandeur of that volunteer movement of the British youth emerges in imperishable outlines of simple beauty. There has been no such collective act of glad, spontaneous self-sacrifice in all the melancholy history of man.

How far the war has revealed intellectual deficiencies is a matter with respect to which there may be some divergence of opinion. Mistakes have been made in strategy, in tactics, in military administration, but they are such mistakes as will always be found in any vast enterprise depending on the active energies of thousands of individuals whose quality there has been no adequate opportunity of testing in a crisis. A general failed at Gallipoli, another before Kut. So long as humanity is what it is, men will suddenly break down under stress and strain, so that the schemes depending on their efficiency miscarry. But of any general and deep-seated intellectual deficiency there is no evidence. The fact is that in the course of two years a nation whose whole industrial and civil structure was calculated for the pursuit of the arts of peace has converted itself into a great and efficient military machine. It has not only created a vast army, but it has done what is infinitely more difficult, supplied it with uniforms, rifles, guns, and explosives. The British army on the Somme is now the best-equipped army in Europe. It is superior to the Germans in artillery, in aircraft, in mechanical inventiveness. It has a greater reserve of ammunition. It can bring a greater mass of mechanical effort to bear upon a given point in the enemy's line. If the war is an engineer's war, as indeed it may truly be said to be, then the English engineer has already proved himself to be the superior of all the skilled artificers of Essen.

This does not look like intellectual decrepitude; but it might easily have been foreseen. A great industrial people can without great difficulty turn its industrial skill and aptitudes from one channel into another. A firm that has built barouches and landaus can dedicate itself to the making of gun-carriages. A silversmith who has made soup tureens can easily manufacture steel helmets. If, in any given town, a careful census is taken of every tool and machine not employed but capable of being employed upon war work, it is wonderful how soon all those tools and machines can be converted to martial uses. There is therefore no call for surprise in the sudden conversion of Great Britain into a gigantic arsenal of war. The same aptitudes that produce success in industry necessarily produce success in the provision of the industrial equipment which is the larger half of victory in modern war. In this respect the war has only taught us what we knew before, that we could organize industrial enterprise, and that our employers and workmen alike were conspicuous for determination, energy, and skill.

Nevertheless, the British people are wisely inspired in calling for an audit of their educational aims, facilities, and achievements. The war has shown us to possess courage, self-sacrifice, adaptability, but it has also revealed in a lurid light the acute perils by which our civilization is surrounded. We owe it to posterity to provide against the future. There is a dim but powerful feeling abroad that we can no longer leave anything to the chances of a great half-inspired improvisation, that every latent capacity must be trained and used to the service of the state, and that however well we may be doing now, more will be required of us hereafter. It looks, in fact, as if it were about to come harder and harder to live the life of a human being on this planet.

The second article in this series, to appear next week, will be entitled "Ten Millions for Schools"

A GREAT AMERICAN

THE enthusiastic applause of a great assembly at the Yale Bicentennial in 1901 greeted a remark by the late Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court: "The American people will always recognize a Washington when they see him, whether his name be George or whether it be Booker." This recognition the distinguished subject of two recent volumes [1] has already obtained.

The author of the first is a typical Southern gentleman of slaveholding ancestry, widely honored as a scholar, a man who has for years devoted much time and labor to Negro improvement. Reviewing Dr. Washington's career and fitly characterizing the personal qualities it exhibited, Dr. Riley affirms that no American outshines it as a "trophy of democracy." He made "perhaps the most distinctive contribution to the rehabilitation of the prostrate South." "He brought to the people a new conscience, and his deliverances were of superlative value to the whole country." "He lived and wrought phenomenally, and his name and fame are co-existent with modern civilization."

The authors of the other and larger volume were selected by Dr. Washington as the fittest to put in permanent form for his fellow-Americans of whatever race or color an accurate record of his endeavors and achievements. Mr. Scott, for eighteen years his trusted secretary, and Mr. Stowe, the grandson of Harriet Beecher Stowe, have admirably well discharged a trust for which none were better qualified than they by their antecedents and by intimate knowledge of their subject.

They have left to be written his complete biography. In successive chapters they present "a complete, though by no means exhaustive, chapter of some phase of his life," and thus exhibit its full fruition.

No American ever faced at the outset of a successful enterprise more forbidding conditions than he. In early manhood he found himself "responsible for the destinies of a studentless, teacherless, buildingless, and landless school." An optimistic idealist confronting a pessimistic situation, he was also a hard-headed realist.

Lincoln gave Negroes legal freedom, Washington schooled them out of economic bondage and degradation into the freedom of economic independence, self-respecting character, and social repute as contributors to the common welfare by their many-sided ability. The bottom rung of the ladder to his high ideal for his despised and disinherited race was economic value to the community. Accordingly, he constantly preached to them a gospel of good work as the standard of success. He set the example to his students by sharing in the farm work by which they have made the poorest soil in the country, selected by him to show what good work could do, surprisingly productive.

In this line he sought and found the solution of the so-called Negro problem. Already in the town of Tuskegee, throughout Macon County, and in many other Southern localities a harmonious and mutually helpful relationship between the two races exists. As a master workman to this end Washington

[1] The Life and Times of Booker T. Washington. By B. F. Riley, D.D. Introduction by Edgar Y. Mullins, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. $1.50.
Booker T. Washington: Builder of a Civilization. By Emmett J. Scott and Lyman Beecher Stowe. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

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built on the ethical principle on which alone democracy can endure, and which most of our people have got to learn—the priority of social duties to individual rights. "Duties first" he preached to his people longing for their rights, assuring them that good character and good service to the common welfare were the way to share in common rights.

Throughout the South many little Tuskegees have sprung up. The upward movement of Negro life that rose from that fountain-head this volume illustrates by sketches of many individuals, lowly and eminent. Its most conspicuous illustration is Washington himself. While for fourteen years making Tuskegee, it was making him ripe for entrance into Nation-wide influence by his epoch-making address at the opening of the Cotton States and International Exposition in Atlanta. Invited to speak as a representative Negro, he modestly proposed a platform of mutual relations between the races in which, said he, raising his hand with fingers parted, "in all things purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to mutual progress." His audience sprang up enthusiastically, men and women, whites and blacks, applauding. He had come there as a worthy but obscure individual. He went forth acclaimed as the leader of ten millions. He had won also the lasting allegiance of all really representative Southerners. President Cleveland sent him an autograph letter of thanks "with much enthusiasm" (quoted by Dr. Riley).

With public honor came labor fourfold, calls to speak and help in all parts of the country, and an immense correspondence, though Tuskegee was none the less his chief care and burden. There he was setting the pace in education for both the South and the North. Said Professor Monroe, of Columbia, Tuskegee "is working along the lines of the most advanced educational thought." Tuskegee preceded the extension work of the University of Wisconsin, and the demonstration agents of the National Department of Agriculture. Its business methods compare well with those of the best-managed industrial corporations. The chapters which relate Washington's management of it and his work for Negro farmers and business men exhibit his rare genius as an organizer and director of numerous leagues and associations, National and local.

His life was "an epitome of the hardships, struggles, and triumphs of the successful members of his race," many of whom this volume commemorates. His character, in its rare blending of strength and simplicity, greatness and humility, brotherly humanity and critical sagacity, gentleness and courage, modesty and magnanimity, self-control, steadfast patience, and tireless industry, presents the ideal of American democracy, an incentive to his countrymen to follow its gleam.

PHANTOMS

BY HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER

Like long shadows on the grass
Reaching from the sun to me,
Day by day I watch them pass
In a ghostly mockery.

Though with shadows I compare
Their swift-changing witchery,
They are more than drifting air,
More than darkness on the lea.

Hearts of flame, they dance and glow
Close and warm for other eyes,—
When I turn to see them so
Strange how fast the sunlight dies.

Deeply strange that I can find
Of the host that others know
Only phantoms of the wind
And lost children of the snow.

A CLERGYMAN'S GAMBLE WITH UNCLE SAM

BY WILLIAM JUSTIN HARSHA

A BAKER'S dozen of years ago, my half-century birthday passed and twenty-five years in the Gospel ministry completed, I called Uncle Sam's bluff. I did not know with any completeness what the calling of a bluff meant, either literally or, as in this case, figuratively. It was my first gamble. With the proverbial beginner's luck, I have made a winning. In material things I have won the bet; in mental and spiritual things my gains have been far greater.

Uncle Sam, you know, wagers one hundred and sixty acres of raw land against sixteen dollars that a man cannot stay on his homestead five years (of late, Uncle, in his over-confidence, has reduced the time limit to three years) without starving to death. In order to take unfair advantage of his opponent, he has placed as many restrictive rules and regulations on the homesteader's conduct as printed words can well express. But in spite of this—in ignorance of all this—I took up his challenge. Something had to be done. As a clergyman I had gone stale. Our only son was flat on his back, struggling with tuberculosis. My pastorates in Omaha, New York City, and Denver were things of the past. I had crossed the ministerial dead-line.

I was quite at sea as to plans. To be sure, in the back of my mind lay the wishful hope, since a minister is, like all men, a son of mother earth, that sometime, somehow, I might get back home to mother again. A bit of land of my own, the simple life, a garden, fruit trees, cackling hens, and a cock or two to waken me of a morning had been the essential items in my picture of old-age content for me. At times, when my wife needed discipline, I had threatened to take her to a farm; a direful remedy that always availed to reseat me in the saddle of husbandly authority. But these vague prospects and hopes had always had as their center and attraction a real farm, well stocked, beautiful for situation, managed in a gentlemanly

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CURRENT EVENTS PICTORIALLY TREATED

CENTRAL NEWS SERVICE

NATIVE BELGIAN TROOPS IN AFRICA

Natives of the Congo region, as shown in the above picture, make good soldiers under the leadership of white officers. They are called Askaris, and enlist for a long term of service—nine years. They are prepared to do valiant service for the Belgians in defending the Congo Free State during the present war

PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE, EDITOR OF "LE MATIN," OF PARIS

M. Lauzanne is now visiting this country. His views on the war were printed in The Outlook of December 27. He is an eloquent advocate of an aggressive policy in carrying on the war

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

VENIZELOS, GREEK REVOLUTIONARY LEADER, PRESENTS A STANDARD TO COL. CHRISTODOULOS, THE DEFENDER OF KAVALA

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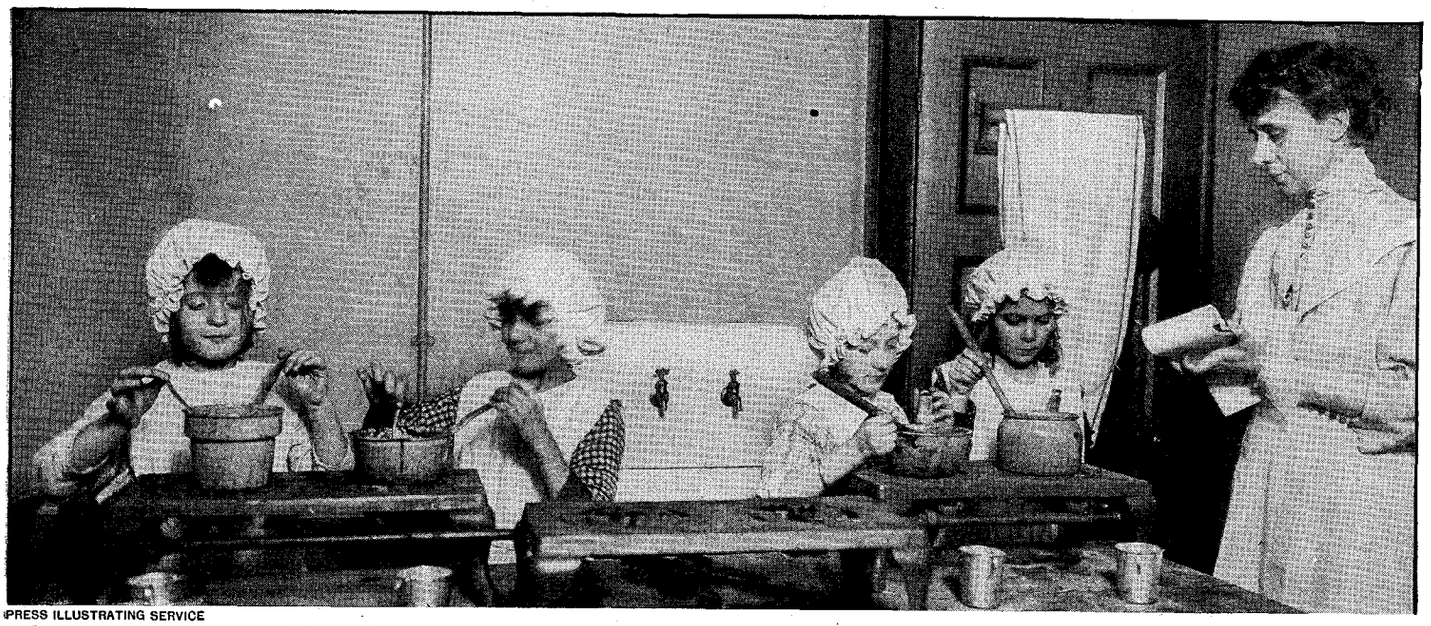
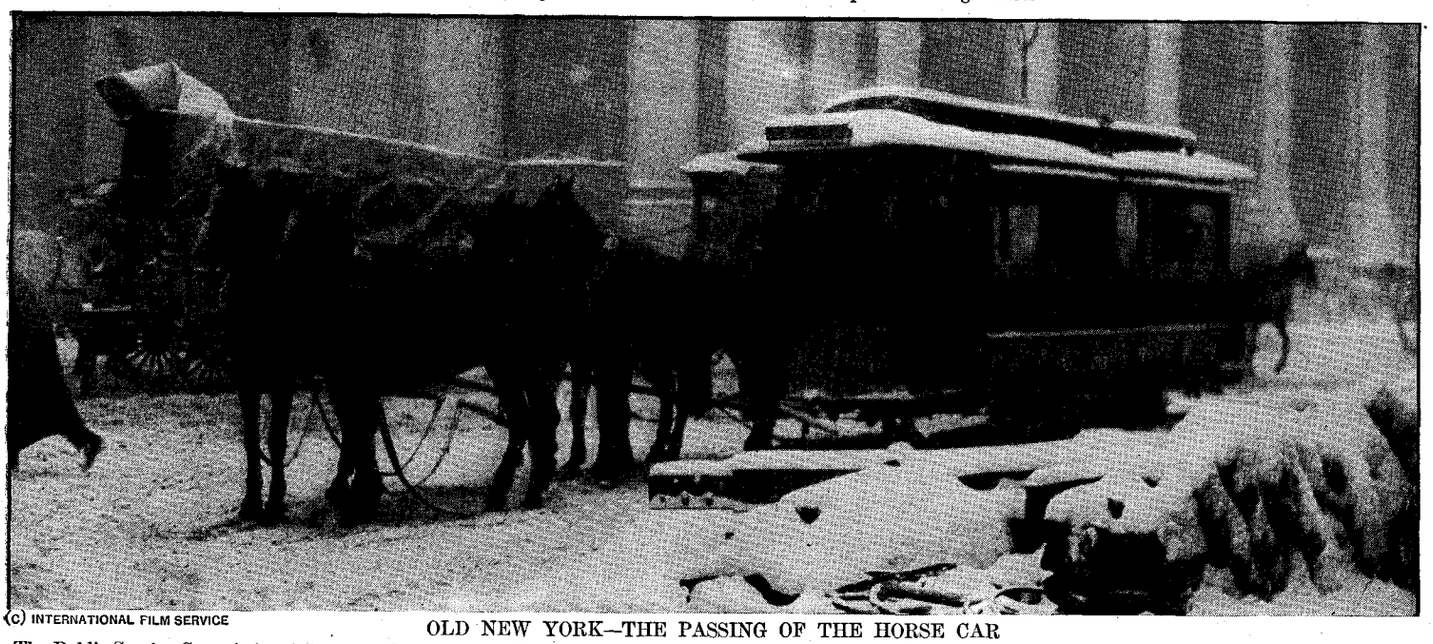


PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

A LITTLE COOKING CLASS IN GREENWICH HOUSE SETTLEMENT, NEW YORK

The cooking classes which are found in almost every settlement are always popular. The interest evinced in them augurs well for the content of future families, for good cooking might be matched with cleanliness as a promotive of godliness



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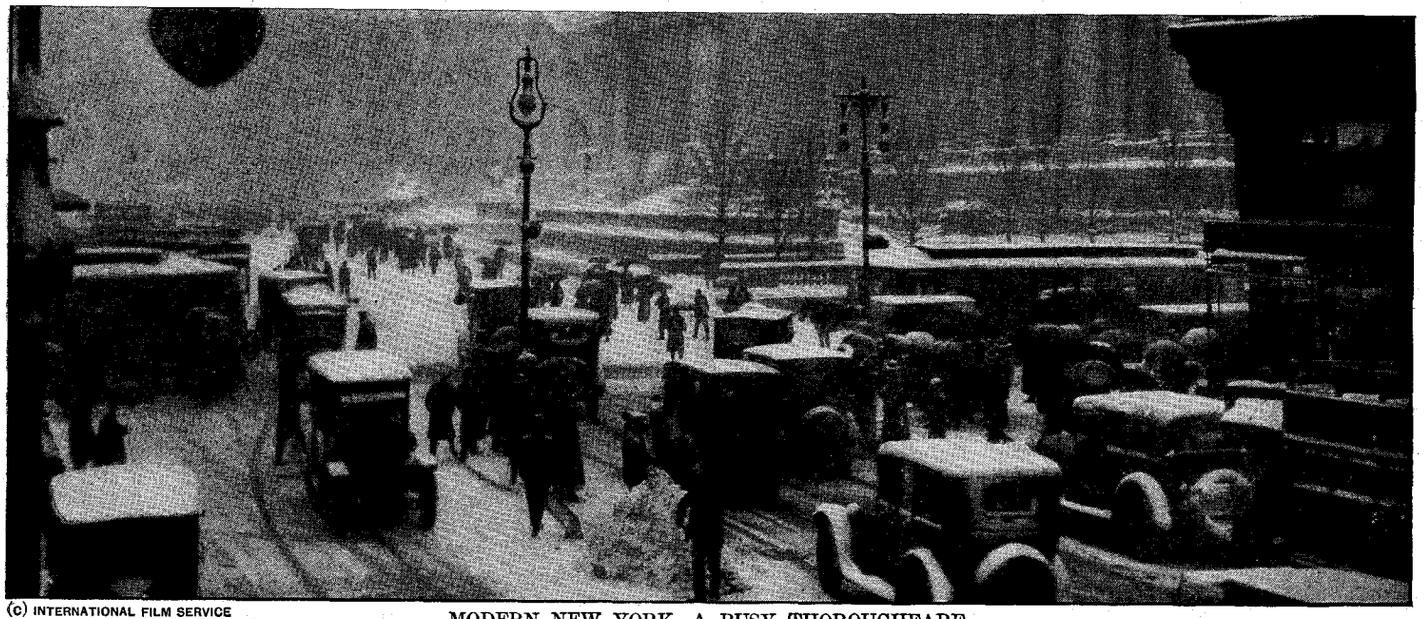
OLD NEW YORK—THE PASSING OF THE HORSE CAR

The Public Service Commission, it is reported, promises by April next the entire replacement of the few horse cars still remaining in New York City, reminders of the leisurely days of the city's infancy



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MODERN NEW YORK—A BUSY THOROUGHFARE

The picture shows what has been called "the busiest street corner in the world," Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, during a recent snow-storm when the traffic was not as congested as usual. The Public Library is seen in the middle background

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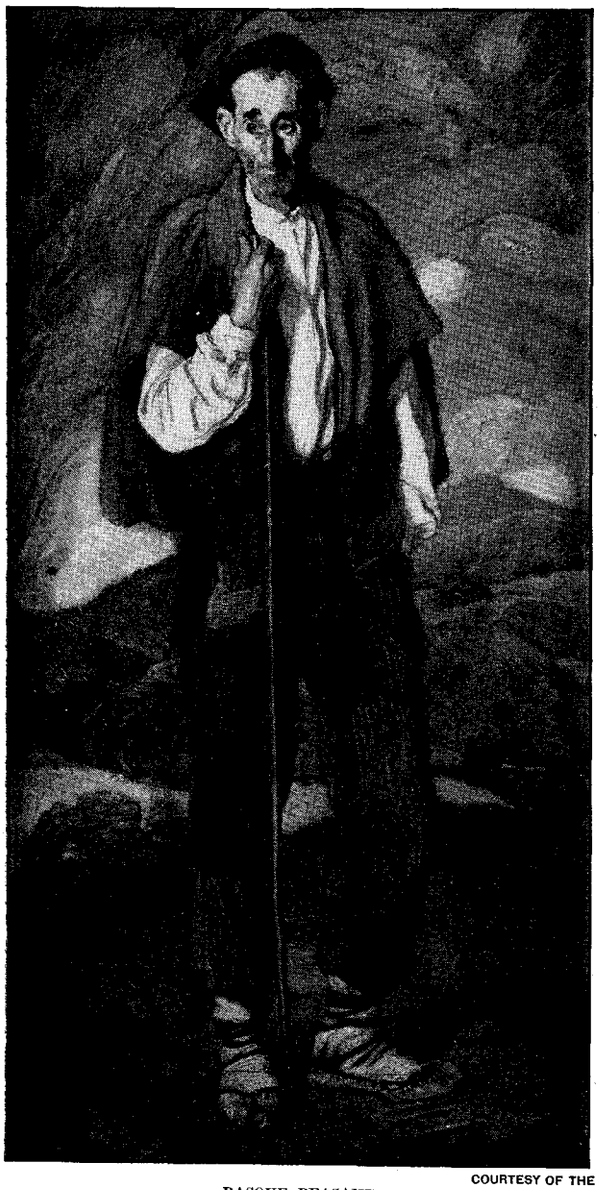

BASQUE PEASANT

CANDIDA

COURTESY OF THE BROOKLYN MUSEUM

TWO PICTURES BY THE GREAT SPANISH PAINTER ZULOAGA, FROM A COLLECTION NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THIS COUNTRY

Forty of the works of this Spanish master are to be exhibited in various cities of the United States this year. They have been seen thus far in Boston and at the Brooklyn Museum. See editorial comment

FROM A GRATEFUL CONSTITUENT

Brooklyn's Park Commissioner, Raymond V. Ingersoll, has recently shown the work of his department to Brooklyn's citizens through the movies. See editorial comment on another page. This picture shows one of the little farmers of a city park presenting to the Commissioner vegetables raised on his plot

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fashion, its operations and activities pushed with abundant capital. But to tackle a sage-brush desolation, and out of it carve a home! My wildest wishes had never contemplated so awful a prospect.

The selection of my particular homestead came about in the most unexpected way. In Denver it was my custom to go down of a Saturday night to a mission in the red-light district to address the motley crowd of drifters that assembled there. One night, walking home with a physician, one of the main supporters of the mission, I chanced to mention my desire to find a piece of land that I could acquire. I told of the ill health of my son and frankly confessed that my available capital, for all that I had enjoyed a competent salary for many years, was far from large.

"Why not file on a homestead?" asked the physician.

"But where?" I rejoined, information having been given me that all of Uncle Sam's available lands had long since been appropriated.

"There are some good open lands in Middle Park, and I know certain men who are laying out canals from which to irrigate them," he answered.

Middle Park! The words called up a vision. In my younger years, my own health being precarious, I had spent a summer in this verdant bowl in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, greatly to my delight and benefit, and often I had remarked to my wife—a remark to which usually she gave no reply—that if any of our children lost health we would make straight for Middle Park. The suggestion of the kindly physician was a providence, although it hinged on a homestead filing that had never entered my dreams.

He introduced me to the projectors of the irrigation system. I planked down a large part of my savings for a couple of water rights. In the proverbial innocence of the preacher where money matters are concerned, I took promises for fulfillments. To this day the fulfillments have not materialized. But I was put on the way to something definite; this initial payment was well invested.

My son and I each filed on one hundred and sixty acres. We purchased a team of big, half-broken mares, a wagon topped by a prairie schooner rig of canvas, a plow, and some other implements reckoned by me to belong to the early stages of agriculture, and, of all things, a grindstone, a set of huge log chains, and a ten years' supply of fence staples—these at the earnest solicitation of the hardware merchant where we stocked up. I suppose he saw that we needed ballast for our prairie schooner.

Our team ran away before we were well out of Denver, narrowly missed a child playing in the street, overturned a lamp-post, toppled me out in utter disregard of ministerial dignity, and put a bicycle cop to his best speed and courage before they were brought to a standstill. But, the mares reduced to subjection and the harness to a state of reliability, we took seat again, and so over the hills to the sage-brush!

It was the middle of the merry month of May. The top of Berthoud Pass was deep in snow and ice, making it impossible for a wheeled vehicle to win over. At the foot of the mountain we hired a man with an extra team, a big sledge, and a rich mountain-climbing experience to haul our outfit to the far side of the divide. We loaded the wagon as it stood on the sledge, hitched the man's team before our mares to guide and help on the trail, roped a long pole out at right angles to our wagon box, and perched a man on the end of the pole to keep the outfit from overturning, and, thus equipped for adventure, we essayed the heights, and successfully.

The sun was sinking in a glory of scarlet and gold when we drew up on the flat covered with *Artemisia aromatica*, vulgarly called sage-brush, and, in Sacred Writ, wormwood. We were now "riders of the purple sage," though we have as yet failed to discover anything purple about it. For the most of the year it is of a dull green, for the rest a duller brown. But imagination must have its right of way. With no very alert imaginations—indeed, with decided sinkings of heart—we pitched our tent, removed the canvas covering of our wagon to serve as dining-room and kitchen, and forthwith were at home to the coyotes.

My first feelings were a mixture of hopeful enthusiasm and financial trepidation. For practically all of my mature life I had been on a salary. For my monthly check I had seldom been asked to wait even for a day. To find myself, therefore, without stated income, the bottom dropped out of my life, and a family still on my hands, was appalling indeed. Financial worry for the first time took station beside my pillow.

Poultry was my first thought, but I was told that chickens do not thrive in high altitudes—a statement far from true, but at the time to me convincing. In fact, we have found that all classes of poultry do exceedingly well on our mile-and-a-half-high ranch when properly protected from coyotes and the winter's cold. However, I gave the plan up. Cattle? Horses? Sheep? Hogs? A start in any of these directions appeared to require more capital than we possessed; the feeding of them involved the growing of fodder and grain. We were reduced to the necessity of small and painstaking beginnings.

We built a cabin of logs, in our ignorance choosing green instead of dry logs, thus adding indeed to the picturesqueness of our home, for green logs hold fast to their vari-tinted coatings of bark, but also adding greatly to our labors. We bought a cow named "Tiny," a title descriptive of her size, as we thought, but really, as we discovered, of the amount of milk she gave. We fell upon the sage-brush with grubbing hoes and energy, "the armstrong method," that is arduous and undertaken by the ignorant alone, but reasonably effective. On our slowly growing patches of cleared lands we scattered grains and raked them in; gophers the first year relieved us of all harvesting troubles.

We received an abundance of advice. To the cowboys our agricultural endeavors were huge jokes that they soon proceeded to make annoyingly practical. I made no display of my ministerial standing, but the fact could not be hid; and that a man of the cloth should undertake to become a man of the hoe appeared to the boys exceedingly diverting. They would ride up to our cabin, ease themselves sidewise on their saddles, roll a cigarette or two, and look at us as much as to say, "What on earth are you doing here on *our* public range?" Finding vocal utterance at length, they remarked, "Every potato you raise in this altitude will cost you a dollar." Or, getting down to basic discouragement, they declared, "You can't raise even a disturbance on this land." At length, seeing that we were determined to persevere, they proceeded to raise a good deal of a disturbance themselves, shooting our collies, running off our colts, rustling our calves, and in other ways making life a burden to us—all of which we have now laid aside to rest in forgetfulness among other early and inevitable experiences.

My son adjusted himself to the spirit of the locality at once and readily; it took me some time to do this. I felt that I was on my ministerial vacation allowed by a generous "call," and soon necessity would lead me back to the pulpit again. In the thought there was relief. For the time I could stand the back-breaking grubbing, the fence-post setting, the wire stringing, the plowing, harrowing, and seeding; it would end. But the year passed; other years came; even a vacation may become irksome. My whole inner makeup was undergoing change; I was engaged in a big process of readjustment. Of this fact I was dimly though growingly conscious; of its results I had not even a dim conception.

Considerable progress made, we were induced to purchase a "wild bunch" of cows and a wilder bunch of horses. The consideration was tempting, even that part of it requiring us to go to the aspen slopes and run the lot in. We had little notion of what we had on hand. For days we threaded hair-raising trails, scaled slopes, scrambled over rocks, pushed our way through spruces and pines, studied brands, aroused grouse from their nests, and from their lairs brown bears and silver-tips, and from sheltering aspens herds of mild-eyed deer. At length we had half a hundred horses corralled, and we proceeded to cut out our own. Then we had a full hundred cows driven in, and the cutting-out process was repeated. It was amazing how much need the cowboys found to be near us when we were thus engaged, how little need to assist us seemed to occur to them.

Among the cows was a heifer, the prize bucker of all the county; among the horses a black stallion, the prize kicker. In the innocence of our hearts we proceeded to milk the one and harness the other, and they, probably in paralyzing amazement at our temerity, behaved like little lambs, much to the

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blasphemous wonder of onlookers. Black Prince became the father of as fine a lot of draughters as any ranchman hereabouts can boast; Rowney is the great-grandmother of our famous bunch of milk Durhams, and still abides with us in strength and milk production. But she has a wary eye out at all times for a gunny-sack and surcingle.

We have now 640 acres of sandy loam lands, utmost in fruitfulness. Practically unaided we have built an eight-room house for my son and his growing family, and a four-room bungalow for myself and my wife, who is quite reconciled to the situation. (N. B.—I built the chimney of our home unaided, and it draws!) We get in yearly about one hundred acres of grains, a big patch of potatoes, and a garden of ample proportions, and yearly we add an acre or two to our alfalfa fields. We are building up our dams to form reservoirs for irrigation purposes, for we realize that

> Little drops of water on little grains of sand
> Make a mighty difference in the yield of land.

All of this we can do, my son and I, without calling in hobo help or asking our wives to keep a second-rate boarding-house to feed them, because we have graduated now from horse-power for the heavier work of the ranch to gas-tractor power.

I am a full hand in the field. I can hold up my end in plowing time, haying time, and harvest. I am an expert with the treacherous "bull-rake." I can load and dump the scraper with the best of them. I help with the branding and breaking of colts and the branding or butchering of steers. Nine o'clock finds me in bed, five o'clock out again, eager for the next job, throwing up my shoulders in the consciousness that "every day is a fresh beginning, every morn is the world made new." Breakfast? It consists no longer of three teaspoonfuls of corn chips or four of "O-I-see-an-egg." Breakfast is an occasion, for chores have preceded it. And dinner? As I wash up I sing: "'Tis the farmer's welcome call: 'Come to dinner!'" Supper and sleep? My nights are "bad," as were the Irishman's who was "unconscious" until the morning. The first thing I hear as the sun tips Eagle's Nest at his rising is the silvery voice of a grandchild crying, "Coffee's ready, grandpa!" In physical power and enjoyment I am ten years younger than I was a dozen years ago.

And the larger things? I think that a preacher is more apt to go stale than any other professional man. This is not a slam at him or his high calling. I never honored the one or the other as I do to-day. But picture him and his situation. He is a man on a throne; his pulpit is his throne. He reigns with little opposition or suggestion. He chooses his own subjects of discourse, and these are necessarily limited, though of world-wide application if he have the nerve to be "sensational." It is the habit of all congregations to "enjoy" his sermons, trivial as they may be in matter and devoid of enthusiasm in manner. He is complimented on efforts that are shamefully sophomoric. He lacks the incentive of instant challenge of his statements, the incentive that makes a lawyer keen and ready. He is not paid per visit, as a physician is, and his pastoral calls are apt to become perfunctory or to cease altogether.

He soon develops a "barrel of sermons." There are mighty few clergymen of fifty years wanting one. Now, my dear brother in the ministry, keep calm, don't jump up and down! Think a moment; haven't you a barrel, either of written discourses that you turn over once a year or so, or a mental barrel of favorite texts, oft-quoted verse, themes attractive to yourself and all too familiar to your congregation? Don't you say, "I repeat this remark," or, "Now, brethren, to conclude," or something of the sort, almost every Sunday? And your "long prayers"! I wager that a smart boy in your flock can tell how near the end you are by waking up enough to listen to just the particular petition you have reached.

Have you ever figured out why nearly all congregations ask for a young clergyman when the pulpit becomes vacant? I have had time to figure the thing to a finish; when a man is harrowing a field is a fine time for careful thinking. The fact cannot be denied. Many a committee appointed by a church to choose a pastor puts on record its first resolution in the words: "Resolved that we will not consider a man over fifty years of age." Grumble at it as we may, it is indisputable that, while a lawyer or a doctor is at his best and in greatest demand after fifty years of life, a clergyman is generally rated as past his prime, and usually rightly so. He has consciously or unconsciously gone stale. Considering his task and his temptations, it is a marvel if he has not.

To be sure, there is another side to the situation, and here "I address the pew." Picture a young clergyman beginning his life-work. He is full to bursting of vigor, enthusiasm, desire to help, instruct, and warn his congregation. He is a volcano of hot and more or less eloquent utterance. He is "consecrated." He sees sin in all its danger. His professors in the seminary have told him to cry aloud and spare not. And he does. He soon becomes aware that certain members of his congregation are guilty of certain sins that need plain handling. In much travail of soul, he prepares the sermon his sense of duty calls for. He trembles and hesitates, for the guilty party may be an officer in his church or a member of one of the "contributing families." But he goes forward. On Sunday he preaches with all the fire and devoted purpose in him, expecting his hearer to be angry but also expecting to lead him to repentance. The service over, he stands before the pulpit to receive the customary greetings; and forward comes the very man or woman he has been railing against, with a simpering smile and the well-worn compliment: "Pastor, I did so enjoy that sermon!" The young clergyman collapses, inwardly. He feels like the prophet Daniel who denounced the king and people of the doomed city, reading the writing on the wall and calling on the blasphemers to repent. But instead of repenting they hung a gold chain about the prophet's neck and proclaimed him the third ruler of the kingdom. Can't you see the grim smile on old Daniel's face?

The young clergyman goes home deeply depressed. What's the use? After a time he delivers another fiery message—same result. Years pass. He settles into a chronic state of "what's the use?" He is an extinct volcano at fifty; the crater yawns, but the fire is gone. Isn't this is a fact? What to do about it? Ah, that is another story. And this is not the place to tell it.

I am simply saying that I have come to feel all this intensely and to feel for my brethren in active ministrations a keen sympathy mixed with no little anxious solicitude. I have gone "away to the desert for a time" of meditation. Never did I know your temptations and dangers as I know them now; I have learned to value you and your work rightly.

What else? I have learned to value life rightly—all life. The life green and generous in the field, the life frisking in the pasture, the life warm and boisterous in the children. I didn't know life until I came close to it here. I cannot bear to see it cut short. Some one else must wring the neck of a chicken or deal the blow that lays the lordly steer low; you will find me hiding behind the barn. But I will help with the picking or skinning.

Doing good? Ah, that's the thing. I was reared with the conviction that no one can do good as a clergyman can. This meant, first preaching, next foreign missions, after this home missions, then helping the poor and sick and needy, after this—scattering. And all of these are surely ways of doing good. But, for a clergyman to turn to farming or business! I was taught that no deeper disgrace can come to a man than to "desert the sacred calling" for any walk of ordinary life, unless it were Bible and book peddling or soliciting life insurance.

Doing good! I don't know what my ministerial brethren will think of me, but actually I feel deeply, reverently, gratefully that I am doing good, some good, a little though perhaps not the greatest good, by writing messages every week to a couple of hundred thousand farmers, suggesting how to do things in the field and the barn, cheering them up a bit, helping them if I can to look on life as I do, keeping them in mind that, after all, a day's task and a life's task are just so many "stunts" the All-Father gives us to do, which, if faithfully done, will lead to rest and peace. Isn't this something? Yes, I miss sorely the grateful affection of a "people." Yes, I sometimes feel regretfully that my long collegiate and theological training appears now to have gone for naught. Yes, I think of "points" in the old sermons that I could now make clear, considerations I could now urge from my own experience, comforts I could give that in my callow years were lip-deep and no more. But, on the whole, I am content and thankful that I took Uncle Sam at his word and hit the trail to the brush. For my own inner manhood has come to its best.

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STUDYING CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT, HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Each week Mr. Gathany will prepare for the readers of The Outlook an Outline Study of Current History. In the following article Mr. Gathany points out the value of such study, explains the purpose of the plan, and indicates the wide variety of uses to which this Outline can be put. See editorial comment.—THE EDITORS.

SOME time ago the principal of a grammar school in a small country village asked me if I would speak to the eighth-grade pupils on some current events topic. I consented to do so, and innocently enough selected for my topic the Panama Canal tolls question. Never shall I forget the expression that that teacher's face bore when I told her my topic. I read in it: "Don't you know any better than to come from the city out here into the country and talk to grammar school pupils on such a ponderous, complicated, and knotty question? What an uninteresting and profitless forty-five minutes are before us! I thought and hoped my pupils would have a treat, but, alas!" I went into the history of our right to build the Canal, told of the cost of the Canal, explained who paid for it, related what Congress did when it exempted our coastwise vessels from paying tolls, and then gave the arguments pro and con as to whether we should make our coastwise vessels pay toll or not, giving, among others, the points brought out by Mr. Taft and President Wilson. Then I said to the pupils, "What would you do if you were President Wilson?" Instantly nearly a dozen little hands were pushed up and waved enthusiastically. Each had a definite opinion of what he would do in President Wilson's place.

EDUCATIONAL CYNICISM

The educational cynic says, "What did those opinions, those thoughts, amount to?" Yes, but, Mr. Educational Cynic, don't you understand that the process of original thinking in the mind of a child is as significant for him as the same process in the mind of a Gladstone or a Roosevelt is for him? After the current event talk was over, the teacher came to me and said, "I never knew before that my little boys and girls could think for themselves." My reply was, "Did you ever give them a chance?" "No," she said; "because it takes me all the time to hear them recite their lessons. But I think I shall hereafter take the time to have them think for themselves and express their opinions."

"High school pupils are not able to think for themselves. I am satisfied if they give back to me what the text-book says. That is all I expect." Thus said a high school teacher of years of experience to me in a conversation on methods of teaching. "It is not right to expect or to ask students, even in college, to give their own opinions. It is dangerous. Their knowledge is not adequate enough to warrant asking their opinions," said a college professor in a teachers' meeting within the last year.

Thus you see how it goes. The grade teachers, as a rule, don't think of asking their pupils to think about and express their opinions of what they read. Secondary school teachers say their pupils are not able to think for themselves, and they don't expect them to do so. College professors say it is not right to ask students to give their own opinions. Students can't think for themselves! They ought not to be allowed to express their opinions! O for the vocabulary of a Billy Sunday! Peanuts! Fiddlesticks! Poppycock! What educational sinners we are! Heaven forgive us our sins! Pupils can't think for themselves! Young men and young women have no opinions of their own! No! Because they are not trained to think. They are not given a chance to express their opinions. *They are trained to be believers, not thinkers.*

THE PATRIOTISM OF THINKING

And, Mr. Reader, that is just the reason why the average adult citizen does not think for himself. And this, in turn, is why the sordid politician has such opportunity to do his mischievous work. This also, when traced far enough, explains why, when the Gore Bill was before Congress, that body stopped nearly all other business for several days and debated whether or not the United States Government would uphold National honor, international law, and the rights of non-combatants! Millions of our citizens had not the slightest comprehension of the tremendous and far-reaching significance of the question then under discussion. If we Americans do not become more concerned about the development of the right sort of public opinion, we as a Nation stand in danger of losing the power to distinguish between right and wrong and of becoming a Nation of moral invertebrates. In a time like the present we are under the dire necessity of enlightening our people upon certain great fundamental facts of right, of international law, of National obligation, and of the rights of humanity—facts which we as a people should have known long since. For the sake of America's future rating among nations, it is imperative that every citizen should study current problems continuously, think about them in an original manner, and act in relation to them as his intelligently held opinions direct. It is not difficult, nor is it expensive, for the average man and woman to gain a fair and intelligent knowledge of contemporary politics, problems, and issues. A few half-hours spent each week in *studying* such a weekly periodical as The Outlook would result in such knowledge.

OPINION AND DEMOCRACY

But studying current history means more than reading it, just as studying a lesson means much more than merely reading it. If American citizens are going to appreciate, understand, and help to make their own time (and why not in our own time as well as in "the good old times" of long ago?), they must do more than merely read newspaper headings and now and then, in a hurried manner, an article in a magazine or periodical. They must study their own time.

Many despair of the future of American democracy. On every hand we are told that there is lack of interest, not only on the part of our younger citizens, but also on the part of adult citizens, in the problems and issues that confront our cities, our States, and our Nation. Generally speaking, public interest in public measures comes, if at all, *after* such measures have been enacted into law, not before. Various organizations find it extremely difficult to induce men and women to take up and pursue a line of serious study, or even to attend in respectable numbers a lecture course on the most timely and fundamental topics of the day. Parents maintain with abundance of proof that their children are not interested in their studies, that they do not understand what they are doing, that they are out of touch with current thought and expression, and that they much prefer being out of school to being in school. Furthermore, we are assured that the average man or woman beyond school age has but few, if any, intelligent opinions to express on public questions. Democracy is a government by which the people rule. But if the people of a democracy do not understand their own problems, have no vital participating interest in public issues and measures, and have but few, if any, intelligent opinions to express, what is to become of their democracy?

The study of current history, not merely American current history, but contemporary history in general, will do much to remedy the present situation and to ward off possible future danger to our present form of government. The possibilities of such preparation for effective citizenship by the twenty millions or more in our schools, and the more numerous millions not in school, are limitless and valuable beyond estimation.

But some questions arise in the minds of Outlook readers. How can current history be studied so as to yield definite and lasting results? How can the family make a better and more educational use of The Outlook? How can the individual, through The Outlook, improve his own intellectual status and build up a body of valuable knowledge? How can The Outlook be made of greater educational value to men's clubs, women's clubs, current events clubs, debating clubs, reading circles, educational classes in Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, to classes in private and public schools, and to classes in college? How can American citizens become better thinkers and better conversationalists? Will not the study of current problems and issues in such places cause discussion, strife, and hard feelings? What is to be the attitude of the teacher in school and college or the leader of current history classes? Is it not dangerous, is it not wrong, to lead young people to have opinions of their own on the problems of the day and allow them to express such opinions? Only a few of these questions can be answered in this article. Actual use of the Outline Study which is hereafter to be a weekly feature of The Outlook will answer others of them.

NO DANGER IN INTELLIGENCE

In a republic intelligent opinions on the part of each citizen, young or old, opinions based upon facts, are never dangerous. In a monarchy or despotism such opinions are dangerous to the monarchy or despotism. For by increase of intelligence despotism has been undermined, and by increase of intelligence all the nations of the earth will yet be democratic. Dangerous for citizens in a democracy to have intelligent opinions! It is positively and unquestionably dangerous for them not to have intelligent opinions. And let us remember that the boys and girls of to-day, no matter whether they become politically and socially intelligent or not, are the very ones upon whom is soon to fall the duty and burden of handling the destiny of our country.

The attitude of the teacher or leader? He should not be dogmatic or categorical. He must not act as intellectual dictator, or try so to act. He should not think that

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final conclusions on and ultimate solutions of current problems are to be reached by him and his class. He should not be afraid of difference of opinion. In fact, he should encourage this. He should never allow partisan slurs and partisan wrangling. The leader, whether he be parent or teacher, should so direct the discussions and so lead those who are studying with him that when one member is giving his views the others will wait calmly and listen patiently though they differ pronouncedly in belief from the speaker. Then the opposition should be given its chance. This is the kind of training we impulsive and cocksure Americans stand much in need of. The average American cannot listen with patience to an opinion different from his own. Usually when some one differs from him radically in viewpoint, his brain rises to about 200° F., and then, or before, he explodes. Studying current problems with others is an experience which every American citizen should have.

CURRENT HISTORY IN THE FAMILY

It is much to be hoped that the weekly Outline Study of Current History which is hereafter to appear regularly in The Outlook will serve as a basis of study for the family. This use of it cannot be too strongly urged. There is altogether too little of the happy and profitable experience of the entire family's gathering around the library table after the evening meal as a social group and discussing the questions of the day. The study plan used this way for less than an hour, two or three times a week, will do much toward furnishing a liberal education in contemporary history for the whole family. And at such slight charge for tuition! Well do I remember, right after my article on "Educated Ignoramuses" appeared in The Outlook (July 26, 1916), being hailed one morning by a perfect stranger. "Good morning, Mr. Gathany," he said. "I want to tell you," he went on, "how much fun and profit my boys, my wife, and I derived last night when we tried to define the terms you mentioned in your article in yesterday's issue of The Outlook. We find that we do not know so much as we thought we did! There ought to be more articles of that sort appearing. Congratulations!" And on went his automobile. Every family and every individual now has the opportunity of additional mental enrichment, of group or personal study, suggested by this man.

SOME DISTINCTIVE FEATURES

By looking at the Specimen Outline Study which immediately follows this article you will notice that it has several unique and distinctive features which will be characteristic of those that follow.

No attempt is or will be made to cover all the topics in any issue of The Outlook. The *topics treated* will be selected with care, the idea being that intensive study of a few well-selected topics is much more profitable than hurried reading or superficial study of many topics. We have futilely tried long enough to cram the mind with countless undigested facts.

The *propositions for discussion* will always be timely, interesting, and very valuable for study and discussion. For this study history should be largely drawn upon and numerous illustrations brought forth which will tend to prove or disprove the propositions. Various teachers, organizations, and debating societies will find these of value.

No individual or group of individuals should omit the *word study* in any issue of The Outlook. Words are the tools of the thinker. No thinking can be done without the use of them. The greater one's vocabulary, the greater and the wider will be the range of one's thoughts. Mental longitude and mental latitude rest upon a knowledge of words. Other things being equal, the greater one's vocabulary, the greater will be his earning power, capacity for effective citizenship, and appreciation of life.

Another distinctive feature of the Outline Study is the *repeated appeal to the individual to express his own ideas* about the topics selected for study. To ask The Outlook's readers merely to restate what The Outlook's editors have to say would be but a trifle better than to ask pupils to recite only what their text-books have to say. *The object of education is to produce thinkers, not believers.*

The citizen, the boy, the girl, the man, the woman, are to be considered, not the existing educational order. A broader education, capacity for original thinking, intelligent comprehension of the ideals of our democracy, social, moral, and political convictions, a better future for America—these are among the ideals that lie back of this Outline Study of Current History.

SPECIMEN WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY

J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of October 18, 1916.

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Submarine War Off Our Coast. Pages 345, 358, 362, 371.

B. Outline Points.

1. The facts of the incident.
2. The attitude of The Outlook.
3. The attitude of the Middle West.
4. The attitude of the Hughes papers.
5. The attitude of the Wilson papers.
6. The attitude of the foreign papers.
7. The attitude of the student.

C. Questions.

1. Does there seem to be sufficient evidence to justify Mr. Roosevelt's statement on page 345? Discuss. 2. What do you think of our navy standing by and allowing a foreign submarine to fire upon passenger and commerce vessels and then rush to the rescue of non-combatants put in jeopardy of their lives by a foreign Power? 3. For what reasons has President Wilson maintained that submarine warfare is "incompatible with humanity and international law"? 4. The Outlook holds that the commander of the German U-53 committed a crime when he torpedoed the boats off our coast. German-American papers say the commander was strictly within his rights. No law, they say, was broken. Restate the line of reasoning by which these conclusions are reached. 5. Do you think the Middle West less patriotic than the East because it did not become so excited over the Nantucket warfare as did the East? Reasons. 6. Is it going too far to say that in dealing with Germany our Government "has shown neither red blood nor backbone"? Discuss. 7. Were you President of the United States, what would you do about the Nantucket affair? 8. From your reading, what have you learned about the rights of war-ships? 9. Do you think President Wilson has safeguarded the rights and interests of America prudently, wisely, and firmly? Discuss. 10. What are the rights of neutrals at sea in time of war? 11. Why do you think Germany carried her submarine war to our shores? 12. What are some of the things President Wilson has told Germany since the present European war began? 13. Has The Outlook good reasons for saying that "all these words have amounted to nothing"? State the reasons. 14. What are some of the results, in your opinion, that this submarine war off our coast ought to have upon our country?

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Nation's Two Paths. Pages 357–358.

B. Questions.

1. What, in the opinion of The Outlook, is the real question for the country to decide on November 7? 2. What evidences are given in support of this opinion? 3. How does The Outlook show that "in all these cases" the Nation "might have followed the line of duty"? 4. How could President Wilson and his supporters disprove the contentions of The Outlook? 5. Why is it impossible to say what President Wilson's opponents would have done in his stead? 6. Is "What would you have done?" a fair question? Discuss.

III—LOCAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The "Great Adventure" Movement in California. Pages 355–356.

B. Questions.

1. Whence the name "single tax"? 2. What can you tell about Henry George and his book "Progress and Poverty"? 3. What advantages are claimed for the single tax? 4. What are some of the arguments against it? 5. What are some of the advantages of private land-ownership? 6. A deacon in a small country church owns considerable market-gardening land. The preacher of the church states in an evening sermon that he is a Single-Taxer and proceeds to advocate the single tax. The deacon discontinues going to church, and also threatens to discontinue his generous subscription to the pastor's salary. Can you reason out the position taken by both the preacher and the deacon? 7. What is your opinion of the single tax?

IV—DISCUSS THE FOLLOWING PROPOSITIONS

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. A government can make or unmake the character of a nation. 2. Military preparedness should be advocated in every country. 3. What is progress to-day may be reaction to-morrow. 4. History consists of an incessant and inevitable struggle among nations.

V—DEFINE ACCURATELY THE FOLLOWING WORDS AND EXPRESSIONS

(All of the following are found in this issue of The Outlook.)

Merchant vessel, neutrals, non-combatants, contraband, piracy, belligerent, immune, "strict accountability," jeopardy, prestige, merit system, Government, blackmail, function, political party, policy, "unearned increment," inheritance tax, speculators, gamblers, public utilities, socially created values.

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*Next week Mr. Gathany's Outline Study of Current History will be based on The Outlook of this week; and each issue thereafter the Outline Study will be based on the preceding issue—*THE EDITORS.

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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about all books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Circuit Rider's Widow (A). By Corra Harris. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.50.

Darling (The), and Other Stories. By Anton Chekhov. Translated by Constance Garnett. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

Kinsmen. By Percival J. Cooney. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

A vigorous romance of Canadian life about eighty years ago.

Local Color. By Irvin S. Cobb. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.35.

Short stories (pathetic, humorous, or dramatic) by a man who is a recognized and popular American humorist, but one of uneven accomplishment.

Mountains of the Morning (The). By Guy Fitch Phelps. Illustrated. The Abingdon Press, New York. $1.35.

A romance of Western life.

Novels and Stories of Richard Harding Davis (The). Crossroads Edition. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12 volumes. $24 a set. (By subscription.)

Three things strike the reader who revives his knowledge of Mr. Davis by even a cursory glance at these twelve substantial volumes: his invincible youth, his ingrained idealism, and his indomitable health. He wrote of life as he saw it in happy moments, in the play of a brilliant sunshine. He had the morality of sustained and victorious health. The realism of the newspaper reporter laid the foundation of his work, and gave it its gay and happy directness and familiarity. He did not see deeply into the causes of things, but he had an active and vital imagination. He had warm-heartedness. He was almost always interesting. He leaned almost invariably to the happy line in a style notable for its purity. He was an admirable craftsman, and was so obviously natural that one hardly thought of him as a writer at all. He had traveled widely, had many adventures, met many interesting people, and he talked about them as simply and as sincerely as if they lived next door.

A number of Mr. Davis's friends furnish special prefaces to these stories, and, as a rule, the stories seem to have selected the introducers, among whom are Mr. Roosevelt, Charles Dana Gibson, Augustus Thomas, John Fox, Jr., Peter Dunn.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Fairy Tale Plays. By Marguerite Merington. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.50.

Indian Fairy Book (The). From the Original Legends. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $1.50.

These tales were originally collected by Henry R. Schoolcraft, the first author who studied the Indian legends and folklore. They were first printed sixty years ago, and are now given worthy form and illustration.

Master Simon's Garden. By Cornelia Meigs. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

A panorama of American history set forth for young readers in fanciful story telling.

Pictured Knowledge. Calvin N. Kendall, Editor-in-Chief; Associate Editor, Mrs. Eleanor Atkinson. 2 vols. The Compton-Johnson Company, Chicago.

These two large volumes are planned for instruction as well as for pleasure-giving. Pictures, facts, comment, and story have been used together in what at first might

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NOWADAYS in order to secure the *fullest* measure of success, it is necessary to know something about many things outside of your own profession or business, especially about the *new knowledge* of which the present day is so fruitful.

It is therefore worth while to be well posted and *keep* so, and the first requisite is a *comprehensive, up-to-date, practical* general reference-work—just such a work as the *New Second Edition* of

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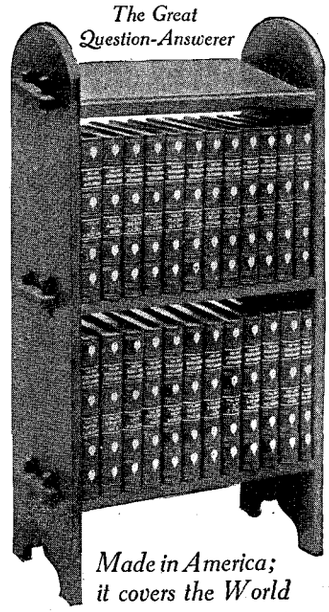

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Unusual demand for the New, Revised, Enlarged and Improved Edition will soon exhaust the first and second printings and the delay in manufacturing, in sufficient quantity, the special thin paper required, will doubtless somewhat retard deliveries.

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BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS—*Continued*

seem to be a scrap-book jumble, but which really offers for the child an endless interest. The general editor has had large experience in educational matters as Commissioner of Education in New Jersey, and he and his associates know what a child can be induced to read and how best to attract his attention. This is as far as possible, as the publisher points out, from a text-book or a mere catalogue of facts—dry, dead, and pedantic.

Morning Face. By Gene Stratton-Porter. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

Nature stories and poems by one who loves nature and children.

Nina Jones: Her Book. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. $1.

Rod of the Lone Patrol. By H. A. Cody. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

A story of a small boy and an old sea captain.

HISTORY, POLITICAL ECONOMY, AND POLITICS

Brief History of Poland (A). By Julia Swift Orvis. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

Professor Orvis does not claim the rewards of the creator for her labors on this compact and comprehensive history of Poland. The book is frankly "an attempt to present the results of much work already done by others" in such a way as to bring out sharply the relation of Poland's past to her trying present. Naturally, the most interesting part of the work, therefore, is the author's comment on the present problems of the Poles.

Early History of Cuba (The). 1492–1586. By I. A. Wright. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Rotten Republics. A Tropical Tramp in Central America. By G. L. Morrill. M. A. Donohue & Co., Chicago.

Spell of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines (The). By Isabel Anderson. Illustrated. The Page Company, Boston. $2.50.

Thousand Mile Walk to the Gulf (A). By John Muir. Edited by William F. Badè. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

Everything relating to the late John Muir has a special interest. This book, it may be added, is well worth reading apart from Muir's personality. The walk described was taken about fifty years ago. Mr. Badè has arranged and edited the notes and journals kept by Mr. Muir. There is a charm about the narrative of that kind which seems to be inseparable from all Muir's work and writing.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan. By Isabella F. Bird. (The Wayfarers' Library.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 40c.

Vanished Towers and Chimes of Flanders. Written and Pictured by George Wharton Edwards. The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia. $5.

The present period of agony for Flanders makes the very title of this book appealing, and as one turns page after page he does not willingly leave any unread. This is so partly because we have come to know Flanders better. We speak of Ypres, for instance, as if it were a next-door neighbor; its ruined architecture is probably more distinct in our minds than ever the finished outlines were. Any one who has ever been in Flanders and seen the splendid towers rising out of the smiling green flat landscape, any one who has heard the chimes from those towers singing across the lush meadows, must have an instinctive sense of the present-day poignancy there, when those towers represent devastation and instead of the chimes there is a duller and more dreadful sound.

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present in this department each month an article treating some phase of the country's commercial development. These articles will be educational in character and will set forth in a comprehensive way the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. This department is designed to be of service to readers of The Outlook, and inquiries in regard to industrial subjects will be answered by letter or in these pages. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to the Industrial Editor of The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

THE ONWARD MARCH OF THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE

THE story of the growth of the automobile industry in America—including the development of the American automobile itself—is almost certain to read, to the uninitiated, like so much romantic fiction of the most melodramatic type. Less than eight years ago, in the Government's industrial census of 1909, the motor car industry was not considered important enough or large enough to be given a separate classification. To-day the estimated value of the annual output, based on the complete and authenticated Government figures for 1915, is considerably more than $700,000,000.

In a single decade the automobile industry of the United States has developed from mere prosperity to one of the largest single industries in all the civilized world.

A brief survey of the increase in American motor-car production provides food for not a little thought. In 1904, for instance, the country turned out 11,000 cars; in 1905 the number increased to 18,000, and to over 25,000 in 1906. This growth gave rise to much talk about over-production and bursting bubbles, but by the end of 1909, nevertheless, the number of cars manufactured had risen to 125,000. In 1910 the production leaped again, this time to 187,000. Pessimists began calling for a halt, but no halt came. The year 1911 produced more than 225,000 machines; 1912 followed with 275,000. The pessimists were still at it with their dire predictions, as they are even to-day, but 1913 showed 325,000 cars, 1914 increased this number to 450,000, the year 1915 gave a total production of 892,618—and in 1916, according to the conservative estimates of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the motor vehicle output of the United States reached the 1,250,000 mark.

Furthermore, unless the most careful predictions of the Nation's automobile manufacturers are decidedly askew, the production for 1917 in passenger vehicles alone is going to attain a total of two million cars.

At first glance this output seems both stupendous and abnormal. But it is not. The average rate of increase in production since the start of the industry has been about forty per cent each year; and the demand for automobiles still seems to be keeping well ahead of this rate. That non-existent citizen, the so-called average man—so often quoted and so seldom voicing anything but the most superficial sort of observation—will be heard insisting upon the streets that "there are too many automobiles already."

What the saturation point is going to be nobody, of course, knows. Almost any automobile man will tell you quite confidently, and enough prophetic guesses are being made, so that a few of them at least are bound to strike somewhere near the ultimate truth. Yet the safest thing to do is to figure it out for yourself. The Government statistics for the year 1915, just published, inform us that in that year there was a motor vehicle for every forty-four persons in the United States. How far from the saturation point this figure is may be conjectured when we read that in the State of Iowa there is an automobile for every nineteen persons—or, approximately, a car to every four families. There undoubtedly seems to be a safe enough market for the two million passenger vehicles of 1917. What 1918, 1919, and 1920 will bring remains to be seen. Most automobile men believe that the rate of increase in production is going to keep up for a good long time. And it is something of a rate, taken as a whole, for, to quote the Government's latest report, "during the past ten years the State registration of motor cars, including commercial vehicles, has increased five thousand per cent."

To attempt any really analytical review of the American motor-car industry in an article as brief as this must be would be nothing less than foolhardy. The story of creation may have been told in four hundred words; the story of the automobile is a vastly longer narrative. It is nevertheless possible in these columns to give the reader a rough and perhaps adequate idea of the stupendous and stupendously rapid growth of the automobile business and to give, in addition, a general understanding of what the ensuing year holds forth.

The capital invested in any industry is a reasonably fair barometer of what that industry is. In only fifteen years, from 1899 to 1915, the automobile industry of

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The Man and the Motor Car

Judge the Cadillac by this Criterion

THE qualities you admire in a man——are they not also the things you most admire in a motor car?

When we speak with deep affection of a friend, we say of him that he is "always the same."

And what is there that pleases us more than this constancy in a motor car, year after year?

A friend who is always the same, and a car that is always the same—they are both valued because they never disappoint our needs, no matter how much nor how often we call upon them.

Character in a man, and character in a motor car—both are the product of principles deeply embedded.

Character in the man, expresses itself in conduct unswervingly true—under every circumstance and condition.

Character in the car, expresses itself in performance—equal to every emergency and satisfying in every conceivable situation.

We admire a man of quick decision—a man who never fumes and frets, but goes straight to the root of a decision.

We admire a car which is instantaneous in action—which does not halt nor hesitate, but does what it has to do, decisively, and without a moment's delay.

We admire power, and especially control of power, in a man—and we admire it above all else, in a motor car.

We admire the man whom we know to be possessed of reserve power—and we admire a motor car which always has power to spare, for heroic occasions.

We admire the strong man who makes no show of his strength—and we admire the car which gives no sound or sign of strain, or stress, or labor.

We admire a man who is quietly effective—and how we admire a car that is quietly effective!

We admire a man who wears the outer marks of good breeding—and we admire a car whose appearance bespeaks its quality.

The analogy could go on indefinitely.

It is interesting for one reason.

It indicates how much of themselves, men can build into motor cars.

A motor car rarely rises above the motives of its manufacturer.

The integrity of a car is measured by the integrity of those who build it.

If it is the product of high ideals and rare ability, it will express them both in performance and in length of life.

As you would inquire into the record and the ancestry of a man seeking your friendship—so it is well to inquire into the antecedents of a motor car seeking your favor.

Cadillac coach-builders have provided eleven styles of bodies from which Cadillac purchasers may choose, as follows:—Seven-Passenger Touring Car—Four-Passenger Phaeton—Two-Passenger Roadster—Four-Passenger Club Roadster—Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria—Seven-Passenger Convertible Touring Car—Four-Passenger Coupe—Five-Passenger Brougham—Seven-Passenger Limousine—Seven-Passenger Imperial—Seven-Passenger Landaulet.

Cadillac Motor Car Co. Detroit, Mich.

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31 Extra Features
8 Styles of Bodies
Built by John W. Bate

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Weeelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 100% Over-Strength

Every Part Now Twice as Strong as Need Be

John W. Bate, the great Efficiency Engineer, now announces for the first time double-strength in every Mitchell part

In the new Mitchells we are ready to announce the fulfillment of a three-year ambition.

Three years ago, after one year in Europe, John W. Bate returned to the Mitchell plant.

He said, "I have one more thing to accomplish. And I learned it from the foremost European engineers.

"We build cars too fast in America. We try to build them too cheap. We give too little thought to endurance.

"I want to build you a lifetime car. I want to give every part in the Mitchell at least 100 per cent over-strength."

Now It Is Done

Mr. Bate came back. Since then he has given the Mitchell car 15 hours a day. Far into the night, week after week for three years, he has worked on this problem of strength.

He has worn out fifty cars in making tests to prove the strength requirements. When he found the strength any part required, he doubled it in the car.

He took part by part and brought each to this standard. Then he found a way to test each part to prove that it met the standard.

In last year's Mitchell we claimed 50 per cent over-strength. This work was not then completed. This year we can claim for every part twice the needed strength. And our daily tests prove this claim.

One Example—Springs

Let us cite one example—the Bate cantilever springs. You know how often springs break on the ordinary car.

These Bate springs have now been used for 18 months in Mitchells. Not one leaf in one of them ever has broken.

We have machines in our factory for testing them. These machines apply road action hundreds of thousands of times. We have thus applied months of incessant vibration to one spring. And never one has broken.

Yet these long cantilever springs are the easiest riding springs in the world. No Mitchell owner ever needs shock absorbers. Mitchell cars have no snubbers or rebound straps. They are utterly unnecessary.

That is simply one part—one well-known weakness. Hundreds of parts have been given equal strength. Now over 440 parts of the Mitchell are built of toughened steel, drop-forged or steel-stamped. The parts which get the major strains are all of Chrome-Vanadium. Many parts on which safety depends are almost double-size.

TWO SIZES

Mitchell —a roomy, 7-passenger Six, with 127-inch wheelbase. A high-speed, economical 48-horsepower motor. Disappearing extra seats and 31 extra features included.
Price $1460, f. o. b. Racine

Mitchell Junior —a 5-passenger Six on similar lines, with 120-inch wheelbase. A 40-horsepower motor—¼-inch smaller bore than larger Mitchell.
Price $1150, f. o. b. Racine

Also all styles of enclosed and convertible bodies. Also demountable tops.

175,000-Mile Tests

Two Bate-built Mitchells have already run over 200,000 miles apiece. Seven of them have averaged over 175,000 miles each. That is over thirty years of rather active service.

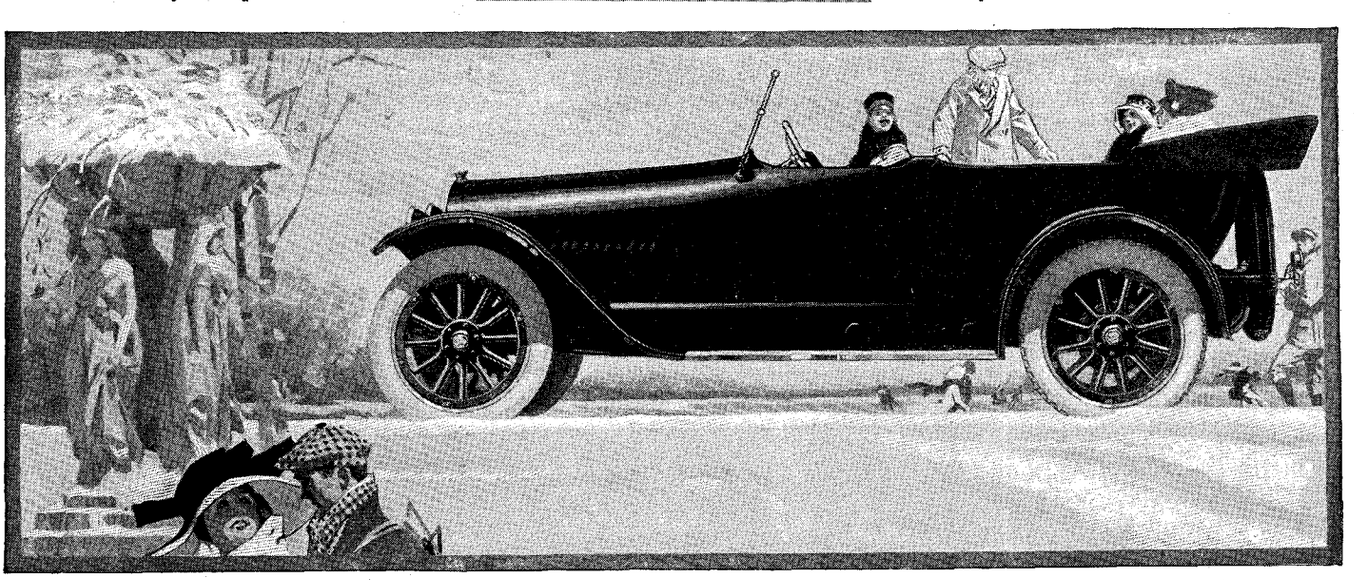
So this new Mitchell, in all probability, is a lifetime car. With proper care, you should never wear it out. Troubles and repairs are as nearly eliminated as can be.

The Lifetime Car

In times past, men bought a new car every year or two. Models were constantly changing. So a car's endurance seemed of less importance. That is why European cars so excelled American.

Now most buyers in the Mitchell class buy their cars to keep. And John W. Bate has rebuilt every Mitchell part to meet these new requirements.

That is the sovereign advantage we offer in Mitchell cars. It is not so visible as other extra features. But we figure it means double life to your car, plus safety and economy. And we know it over-tops every other result of John W. Bate's efficiency.



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Due to Factory Efficiency
John W. Bate's 18th Model

Mitchell

$1460 For 7-passenger Six—48 h. p. 127-inch Wheelbase.
$1150 For Mitchell Junior—40 h. p. 120-inch Wheelbase Six.
Both Prices f. o. b. Racine.

Now 24% Extra Luxury

Deeper Finish — Finer Upholstery — 31 Extras

In this year's Mitchells, on exhibit at the Shows, we have added 24 per cent to the cost of finish and trimming, attaining the height of luxury.

These new Mitchells will also give you a new idea of beauty.

The lines of the car, in many artists' opinion, are the handsomest ever attained. But our added cost lies in scores of details which are too often skimped.

Last year's Mitchells were luxurious, you know. In every large city they were regarded as models of motor car elegance.

But this year we have added just 24 per cent to the cost of the finish, upholstery and trimming. So the Mitchells you see at the Shows this year will be superb examples of artistic detail.

Our New Body Plant Saves This 24 Per Cent

In the past few months we have equipped ourselves to build all Mitchell bodies, open and enclosed. Our new body plant, with its lumber yards, covers 14 city blocks.

The Mitchell, we believe, is the only plant which builds all the bodies for a high-grade car. The saving we make pays for all this added luxury. Now we are building, under the Bate efficiency methods, 98 per cent of the Mitchell.

But the chief fact is this: We could not buy bodies at a possible price finished and appointed as ours are. Our requirements are too extreme. So this new Mitchell luxury was out of the question until our new body plant was completed.

Heat-Fixed Finish

We have built for one thing enormous ovens which hold many Mitchell bodies. Here our finished coats are fixed by heat. This adds immensely to the lustre. And it gives a finish which endures for years.

We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our leather to give you unusual upholstery. We have added 50 per cent to the cost of our cushion springs to give you better springs.

Those are a few of our conspicuous improvements. You will see scores of others. Every touch and detail reveals an added cost. Yet all this seeming extravagance, like all Mitchell extras, is paid for by factory savings.

31 Extras This Year

In this year's Mitchells you will find 31 extra features. That is, 31 attractions which practically all cars omit. Most of them are exclusive to the Mitchell.

Each is something that you want. They will cost us on this year's output not less than $4,000,000. Yet all of them come to you without extra price, because of our factory savings.

They include a power tire pump, Bate springs, a new-type control, a light in the tonneau, a locked compartment in front, a ball-bearing steering gear, engine primer on instrument board. There are 31 extras like those.

Mitchell Models

The Mitchell is built with eight styles of bodies—

Touring Car	4-Pass. Cabriolet
Roadster	Convertible Sedan
Coupe	Demountable Top
Limousine	Club Roadster

***Mitchell Junior* is built with Touring Car and Roadster bodies only.**

Quoted prices, of course, apply only to open models.

All Due to Efficiency

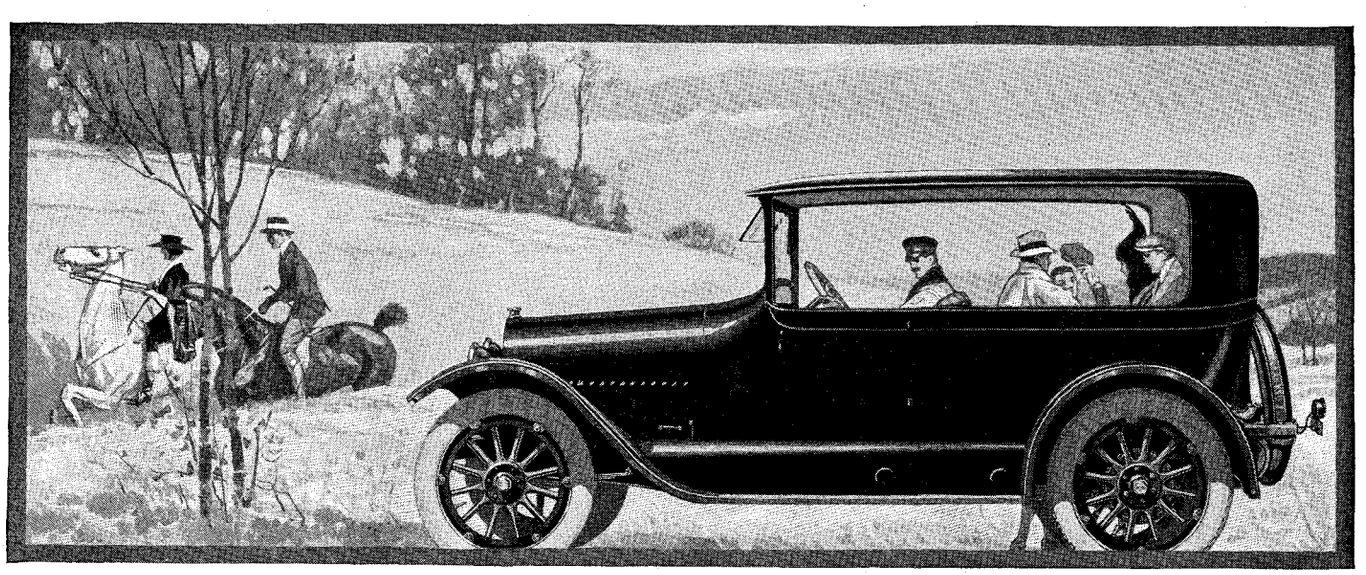
All of the Mitchell's unique attractions are paid for by factory efficiency. All this over-strength, all this added luxury, all these extra features. We owe them all to John W. Bate, the famous efficiency expert.

This model plant, which is all of his building, cut our factory costs 50 per cent. Our new body plant, by Bate efficiency methods, pays for this added luxury.

No other smart car offers anywhere near the value you get in the Mitchell. You can prove that in an hour. And that fact is due entirely to the genius of John W. Bate.

See these new cars at our showrooms or at Shows. Pass your own judgment on them. Learn what the extras mean.

MITCHELL MOTORS COMPANY, Inc.
Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



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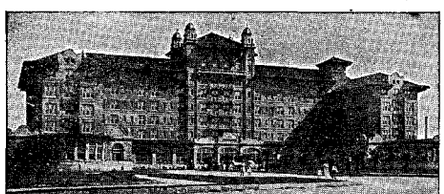

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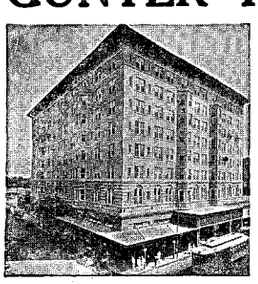

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this country expanded from a capitalization of less than $6,000,000 to the $1,000,000,000 mark, and this $1,000,000,000 invested in the manufacture of motor cars alone, taking no account of the enormous capital invested in the manufacture of parts and other accessories. In the same fifteen years the number of workers in the factories of the industry increased from a mere 2,500 to no less than 450,000. And we must remember in this connection that labor-saving machinery is now being used in an extensive way, so that the fifteen years' growth is actually greater than the number of workers would seem to indicate. In 1899 the average production was one and one-half cars per man per year. In 1915 the average production had increased to approximately two cars per man. Modern efficiency has seen to it that the workers do more work. And they do better work too, from the designer down to the man who puts on the last nut.

It is possibly significant—and it is certainly interesting to the man who owns a car or who is thinking of buying one—that in the past year or two the matter of automobile design has become standardized to the point where manufacturers are no longer making radical changes purely for change's sake. The two million passenger cars to be built in 1917 will possess, in the main, the design and essential construction of last year's machines. They will be distinctly better in appearance, they will be equipped with certain new mechanical refinements, they will be more comfortable to ride in; but basically they will be constructed on principles which have proved their worth in the past two years beyond contravention. The passenger automobile, in fact, has actually been developed to the point where it is just about as efficient as any man-made mechanism can be turned out. The man who buys a car to-day can for this reason be certain that he is investing in a machine that is capable of little or no essential improvement.

It must not be imagined, however, that 1917's changes are therefore to be unimportant. The reverse is most decidedly the case. If we take the average car—that is, an average of all the makes and models that are being manufactured—we find that the specific improvements are many. With chassis construction thoroughly perfected and standardized, the manufacturers of the country have gone about perfecting the body of the car, giving greater attention than ever before to details and equipment. Not only this, but the average price per car is going to be considerably lower than last year's. Certain makes and models will be higher, but a number of the larger manufacturers have announced important decreases in prices. All things considered, the American automobile of 1917 is a better investment, a greater value dollar for dollar, than any season's car yet produced.

In the first place, practically every manufacturer has given his closest attention to the matter of body design. Both appearance and comfort have been particularly considered, the former probably more so than in any previous year. The 1917 bodies are markedly better to look at than those of 1916 and other seasons. The lines are better and more artistic; the bodies themselves look lower and more clean-cut; they are much roomier in both front and back seats; and they are equipped in much better fashion than has been the common practice.

Even the makers of low-priced cars have been able to build a good chassis at a low cost; the mistake heretofore has been in fitting this chassis with a cheap body. The chassis to-day is a more or less standardized thing, and it is the body and equipment more than anything else which differentiate one car from another of approximately the same price.

The double cowl body is being built this year by a number of manufacturers. Makers who are not using this design are attaining the same general ends in other ways; the ends in question being a more striking appearance and increased roominess. Body dimensions have been increased wherever possible, with the new designs offering lots of leg room and easy entrance to the seats. Convertible bodies, open or genuinely closed at will, are being put on the market on standard makes of cars in ever-increasing variety. These bodies seem to offer a sensible and logical solution of the winter-and-summer driving problem which confronts the man who can afford only one machine and who wants to drive neither a closed car in warm weather nor an open car when the temperature hovers around zero.

The slanting wind-shield is one of 1917's most striking developments. It is being offered on a number of cars. The old straight-up-and-down wind-shield, reflecting every light and glare on the road at night and blocking the breeze rather than throwing it up into the air, has long been destined to go; but this year for the first time its exodus seems marked.

The average car has a new hood line, too—a higher hood line, running almost parallel with the ground—and the accepted radiator design shows a change to the high, narrow type. As a general rule in this year's models the makers are turning them out equipped with more vital accessories than in the past. A number of the larger manufacturers are offering such things as leather protectors for the tops of the doors; a few are equipping their cars with such things as wire wheels, motor-driven tire pumps, rear-view mirrors, and spot-lights.

To enter into a discussion of more technical features, such as the various types of motors, oiling systems, cooling, ignition, and so on, is not the purpose or function of this brief article. It is the aim in these pages merely to give the reader an idea of what the industry has accomplished in the past fifteen to twenty years, and, more specifically, the general features and qualities he may expect to find in this year's cars, representing as they do the fruition of the progress made by the automobile industry in this country. For these reasons the writer will draw no line between electric and gasoline cars, except, perhaps, to say that electric motor vehicles are taking their full and honorable share of the enormous growth in the automobile's popularity and usefulness. He will neither comment upon nor weigh the insistent and rival claims of the four, six, eight, and twelve cylinder motor enthusiasts. All that is necessary for us to understand here is that the automobile industry of this Nation is perhaps the most wide-awake and most efficiently organized industry of its sort in the world—as well as almost the youngest and one of the largest—and that its product in this year of enlightenment 1917 represents an almost incredible degree of mechanical perfection and artistic achievement.

What the automobile industry has done it has accomplished against all the odds

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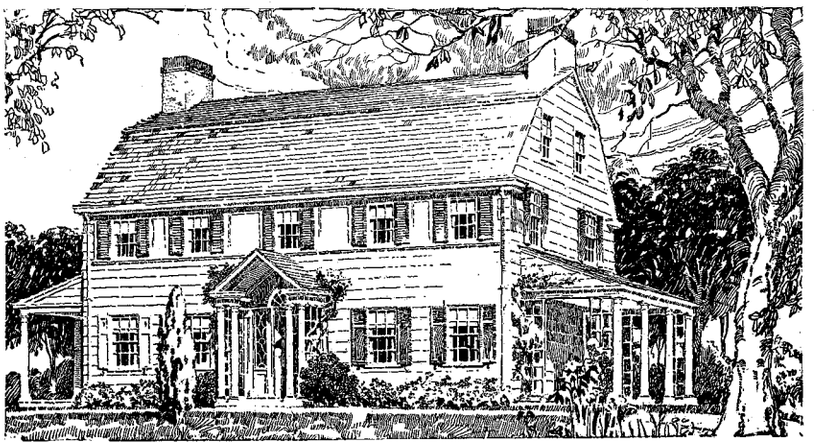
which oppose themselves to any new business or industrial development. The motor car has had to assault successively the well-nigh impregnable stone walls of public ridicule, public opposition, public inertia, and public suspicion. In its earlier years it had the greatest difficulty in interesting that much-needed element known as capital. And more lately—in fact, up to the present moment—it has been forced to meet the situation caused by the European war. Materials have gone up, labor has become high-priced and scarce at one and the same time, and competition between various makes of cars, all fairly well standardized in design, construction, and finish, has become constantly keener and keener. And yet the makers as a whole are building better cars at about the same prices; some of them have raised, some of them have lowered.

The soaring of labor and materials has been met in one or both of two ways. With a few exceptions the manufacturers have refused to cheapen the quality of their cars, but have either increased production to meet the new costs or have developed more efficient factory methods, putting in labor-saving machinery wherever possible. A few of the manufacturers of medium-priced cars are planning to put better materials in the bodies, adding a slight increase to the list price. Other makers are simplifying the chassis by doing away with unnecessary parts and details of construction, and are thus able to offer a car of the highest quality at no increase in price.

All of us are uncertain enough about what is going to happen after the present great war, and in one thing the automobile manufacturers of the country are as uncertain as any of their fellow-citizens. The paramount question is this: What is the stopping of the war going to do to the present rate of motor-car construction? Rubber, steel, copper, aluminum, and other metals have risen to the point where the manufacturer hesitates before he places an order. Workers, who are now making higher wages than ever before in the history of modern industry, are receiving great bonuses. Will the prices of the essential materials go down? Will workmen be content with normal wages? Strikes and labor dissatisfaction, together with a possible high maintenance of metal and other prices, may result directly in a curtailment of production. This in turn is bound to result automatically in a raising of automobile prices all along the line.

No one knows—and it may be nothing less than borrowing trouble to conjecture about the situation—but a good many men in the motor-car industry seem to feel that the year 1917 will show the average American automobile at its lowest price for some time to come.



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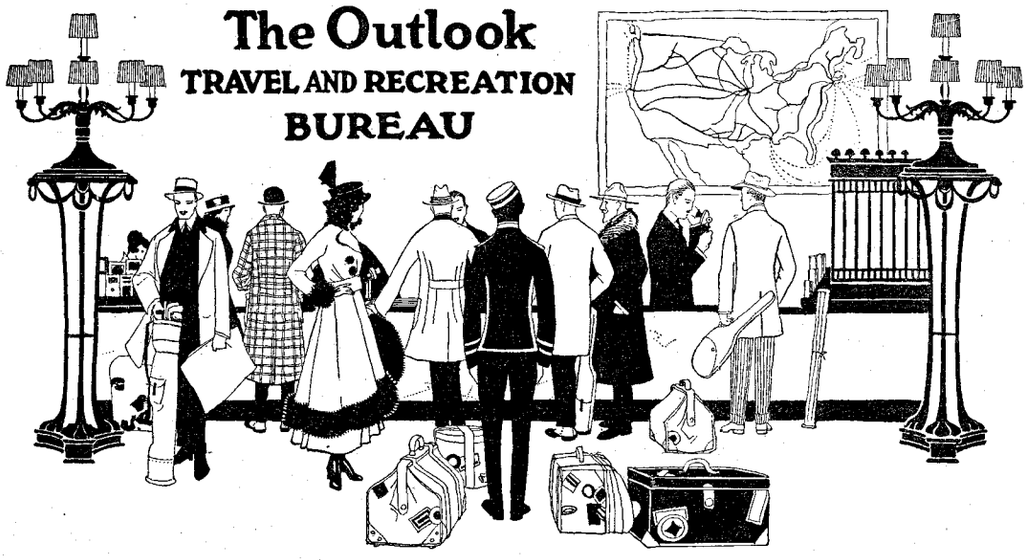

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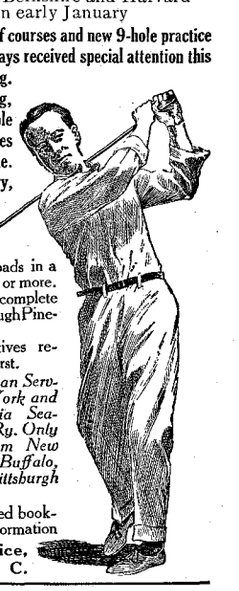
Holly Inn, Berkshire and Harvard open early January

Three 18-hole golf courses and new 9-hole practice course. The fairways received special attention this year. Horse racing.



Frequent trotting, running, and steeple chasing by horses from private stable. Tennis, model dairy, shooting preserve, trap shooting.

Excellent new roads in a radius of 50 miles or more. New State Road complete to Savannah through Pinehurst.

No consumptives received at Pinehurst.

Through Pullman Service from New York and Washington via Seaboard Air Line Ry. Only one night from New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati.

Send for illustrated booklet giving full information
Pinehurst Office, Pinehurst, N. C.

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